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ON MARTIN & LEWIS**

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YOUR MARRIAGE**

— Cyd Charisse

RITA HAYWORTH



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there's no limit to the gay times —
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HOLIDAY**

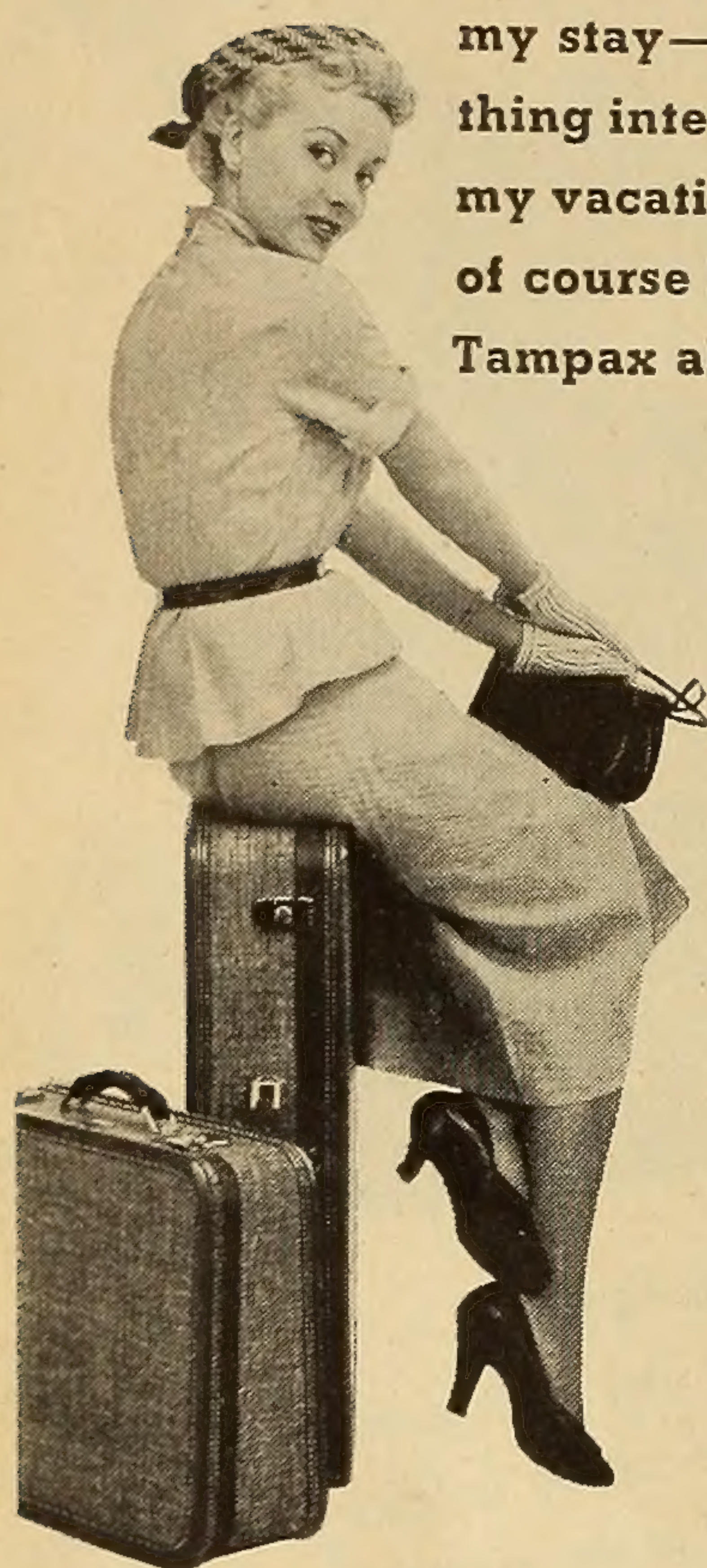
with
EDDIE ALBERT



Produced & Directed by **WILLIAM WYLER** • Screenplay by **IAN McLELLAN HUNTER & JOHN DIGHTON**
Story by Ian McLellan Hunter • A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**

I'm going away!

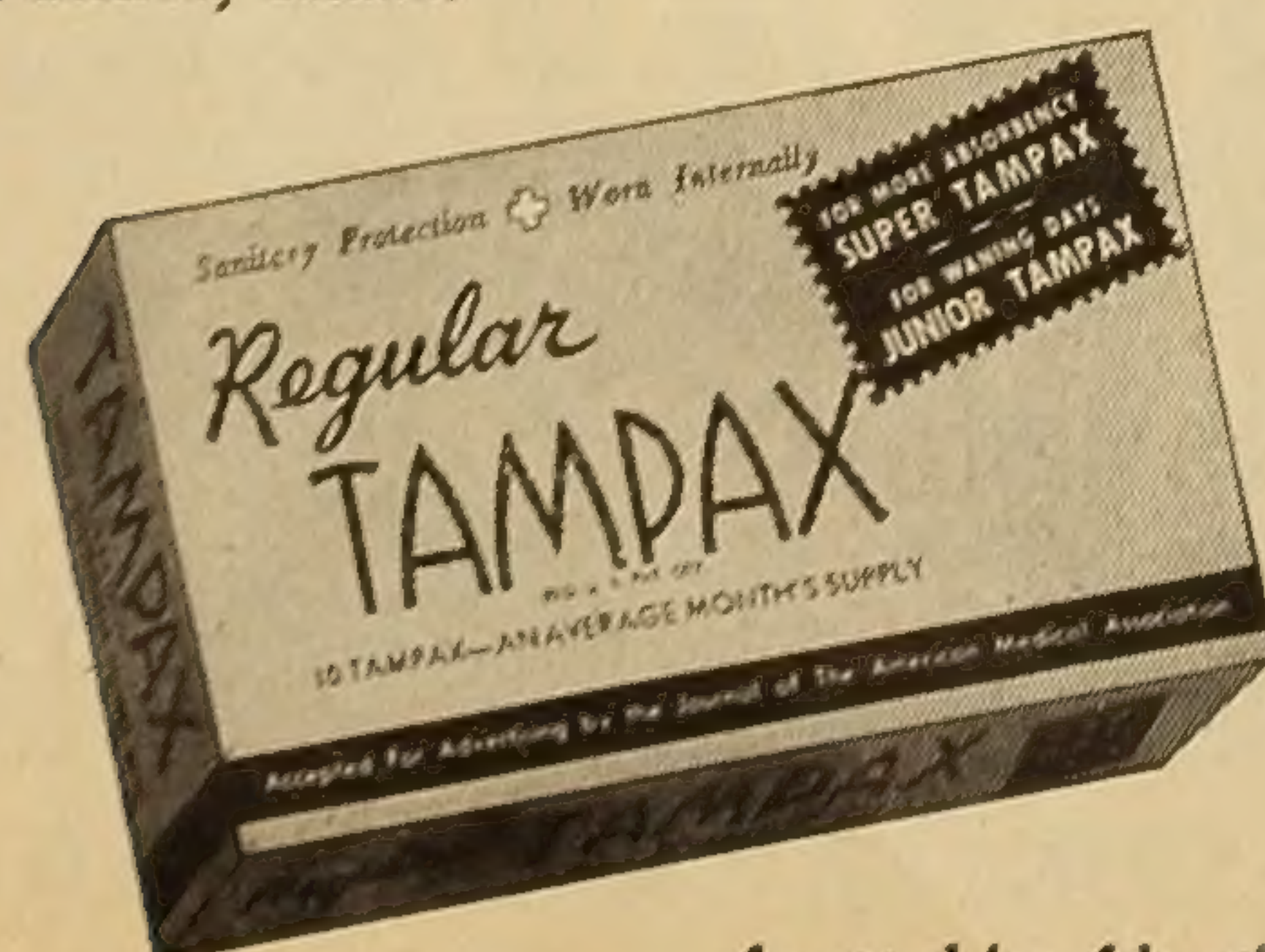
I'm going to enjoy every minute of my stay—not let a thing interfere with my vacation. And of course I'm taking Tampax along!



That's the best resolution a girl ever made. Whether you have a whole month or two weeks with pay, you owe it to yourself to be in on everything—from beach parties to dancing under the stars. And you'll owe your freedom from a great deal of discomfort and embarrassment (on "those days") to Tampax monthly sanitary protection.

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Volume Fifty-Seven, Number Ten

August, 1953

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SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND. Published monthly by Affiliated Magazines, Inc., 10 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y. Advertising Offices: 10 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y.; 520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.; 316 W. 5th St., Los Angeles 17, Calif. Gordon Simpson, West Coast Manager, Harold I. Collen, Chicago Manager. Manuscripts and drawing must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Subscriptions \$1.80 for one year, \$3.50 for two years and \$5.00 for three years in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America; 50c additional in Canada; other foreign countries \$1.00 a year additional. When entering a new subscription allow not less than 60 days for your first copy to reach you. When renewing subscription, prompt remittance helps to assure continuous service. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance. Be sure to give both old and new address and zone or other information necessary. Entered as second-class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1953 by Affiliated Magazines, Inc. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

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OSCAR LEVANT  **NANETTE FABRAY**  **JACK BUCHANAN** 

WITH **JAMES MITCHELL** • STORY AND **BETTY COMDEN** SCREEN PLAY BY **AND ADOLPH GREEN**

SONGS BY **HOWARD DIETZ AND ARTHUR SCHWARTZ**

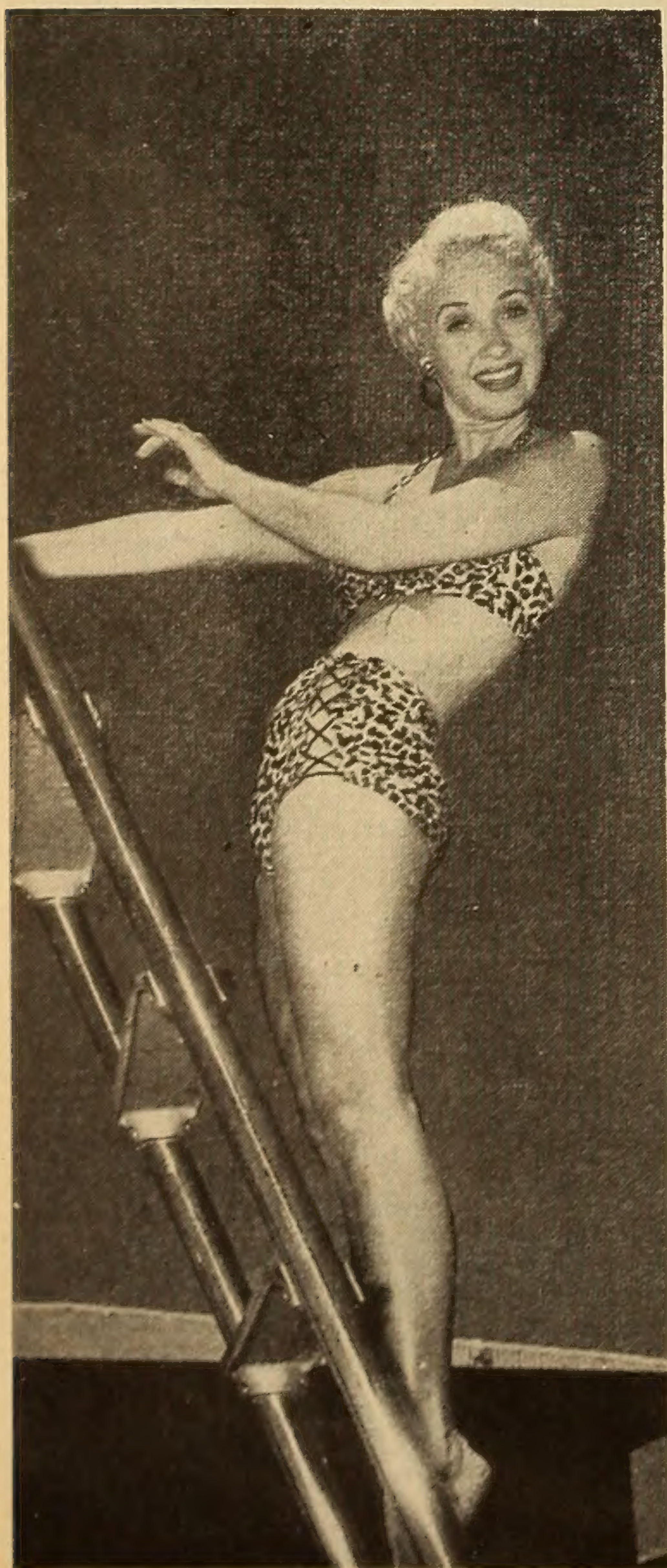
DIRECTED BY **VINCENTE MINNELLI** • PRODUCED BY **ARTHUR FREED** • AN M-G-M PICTURE

what hollywood itself is talking about!

by Lynn Bowers



Giselle Pascal gets light from Gary Cooper at annual "Little White Beds" charity ball in Moulin Rouge, Paris. A romance between two died quickly.



Jane Powell relaxes on p.a. tour. Her marital life is still greatly mixed up.

THERE'S a new glamour boy in pictures that all the women are wild about. He isn't very tall or very handsome but he's got plenty appeal—name's Brandon de Wilde and if you haven't seen him in "Shane" or "Member Of The Wedding," you'd better case this one. The 12-year-old youngster and Jean Arthur met while they were making "Shane" and they're inseparable when in the same town. Paramount was looking for Miss Arthur, who's as hard to find as a TV show without a commercial, for a particular showing of "Shane" in New York. No luck. Just before show time, in walks young Brandy with his girl friend—Miss A. They'd been taking in the sights—like the Bronx Zoo, the Statue of Liberty, Central Park and other such touristy places. There's talk that this kid may star in a new TV series, "Peck's Bad Boy."

When Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin left for Europe and a vacation, Jerry carted several of his 19 sets of golf clubs. Dean, who usually has a better score than Jerry, owns one set of clubs.

Donald O'Connor, on vacation for the first time in quite a spell, went off on a fishing trip but interrupted it to play a police benefit. On his way back to Hollywood, what should he get but a ticket for speeding!

It's kinda strange to think of Jeanne Crain anywhere but at 20th Century-Fox. She started there ten years ago when she was fifteen, grew up on the lot, married, had a flock of kids, and became a really first-rate actress. Her first picture away from home will be

"Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," Anita Loos' answer to her other famous novel-play-musical comedy-picture, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and it will be made in Europe. Jeanne's red hair will go dark, of course, for this.

Another cutie who flew out of the nest is June Allyson, who departed from MGM after years and years as the girl who always came through for her studio. June seemed to feel she hadn't been given as many of the breaks recently and, anyway, her Dick Powell has a big deal at RKO to produce, direct, write, act or anything else he wants to do, like sing, and June will be an important part of this setup.

No bets are being made on whether the Arlene Dahl-Fernando Lamas idyll will be permanent or not. But Arlene did take the Latin boy home to Minneapolis to meet the family and they are co-starring in a picture to be made in Mexico called "Chubasco."

Shelley Winters, who always seems to be able to startle people almost any time, did. Showed up at Harry Belafonte's opening at Mocambo with her old boy friend, Farley Granger. She made it quite clear, though, that Farl was merely her escort for the evening and she didn't want no trouble from no one about it. Her romantic Italian returned from his long trip to Italy and everything seemed to be quite quiet around the Gassman menage. Farl, meanwhile, announced he'd take up residence in New York and just come back here for pictures.

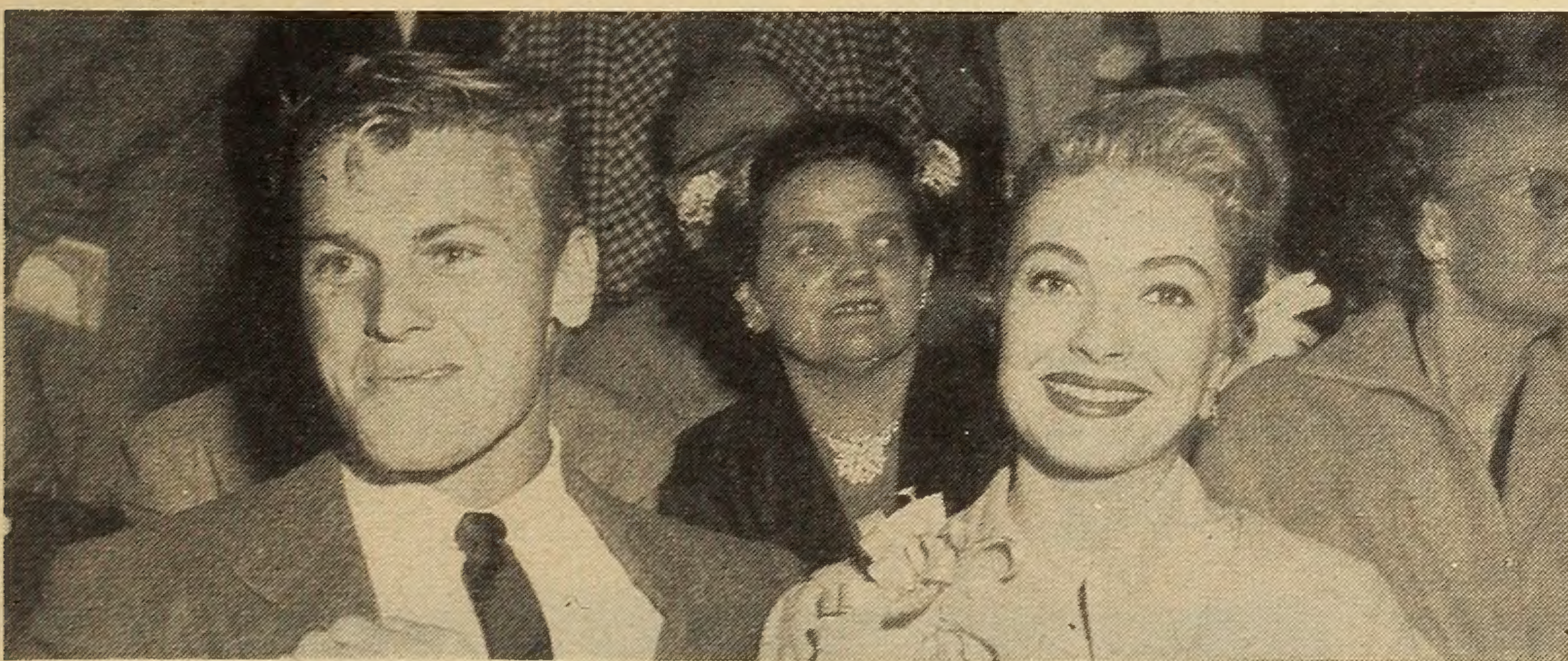
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



Harriet Nelson, whose favorite sport is ice skating, attends "Ice Capades" with her husband, Ozzie. Their popular sons had other plans for the evening.



Mitzi Gaynor, who's been on a social whirl ever since she broke engagement to Richard Coyle, was escorted to "Ice Capades" by John Lindsay, Diana Lynn's ex.



Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson were a bright and sparkling new twosome at ice show. Tab, himself, used to be a professional skater; gave it up for screen.



Hildy Parks, Maria Riva, Marlene Dietrich's daughter, and Mary Sinclair cut Sixth Anniversary cake at Kraft "Come As You Were" TV Ball in Gotham.

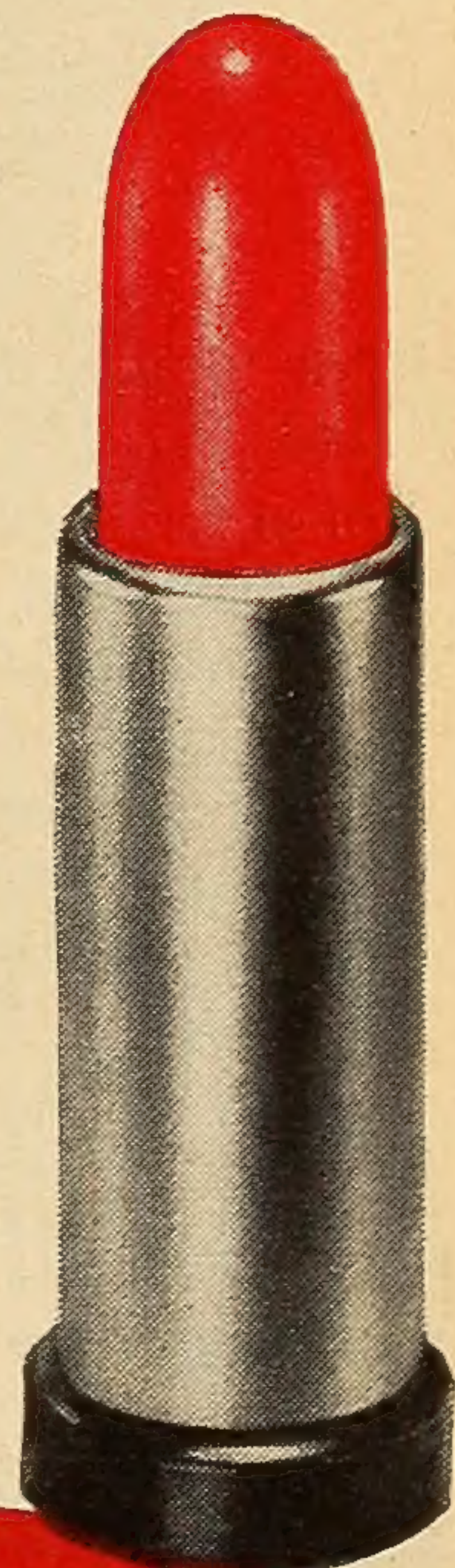
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GET IT TODAY!

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your hair needs LOVALON



For gayer, brighter, more colorful looking hair, be sure to use LOVALON after each shampoo. Lovalon removes dull film, blends in off color or graying streaks and softens the appearance of dyed hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach — Lovalon is a rinse made in 12 hair shades. Select the shade for your coloring.

10¢ for 2 rinses
25¢ for 6 rinses



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No matter what the skeptics insist, Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas are inseparable. Often his sense of humor and frankness are misunderstood.

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

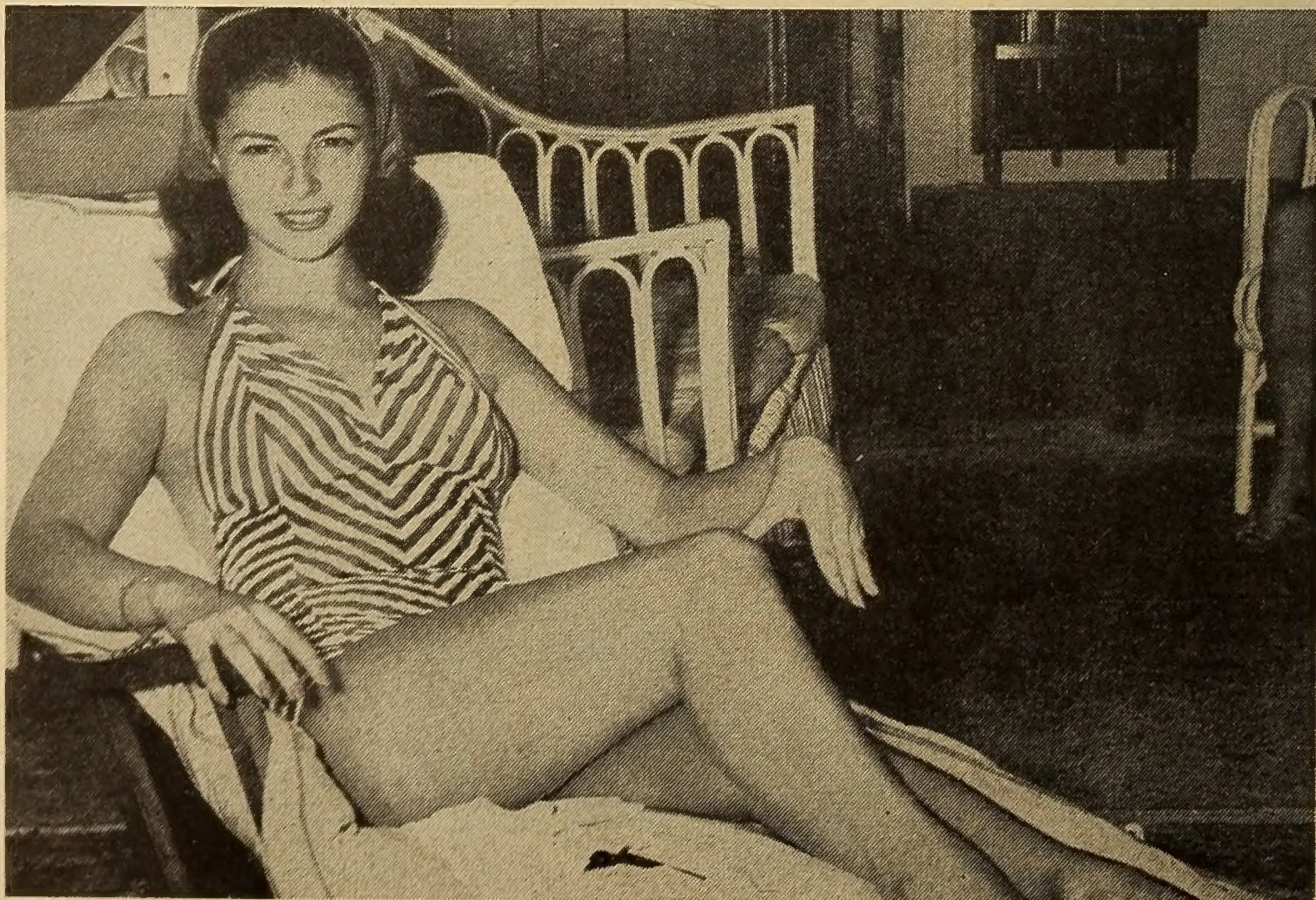
made a sensational appearance at Mocambo, Hollywood got very conscious of our gal again and so here she is back. Oddly enough, of all the gals who were kid stars at that time—Mary is the only one in pictures now. However, it looks as if Jane Withers will hit the come-back trail. Maybe just in TV, but she's anxious to get going again, particularly since her marriage to Texas oilman Bill Moss is shaky. I can report that Jane looks terrific. Mary and Jane have kept up their friendship, which started when they were in pictures at 20th, all through the years.

When Van Johnson made his sensa-

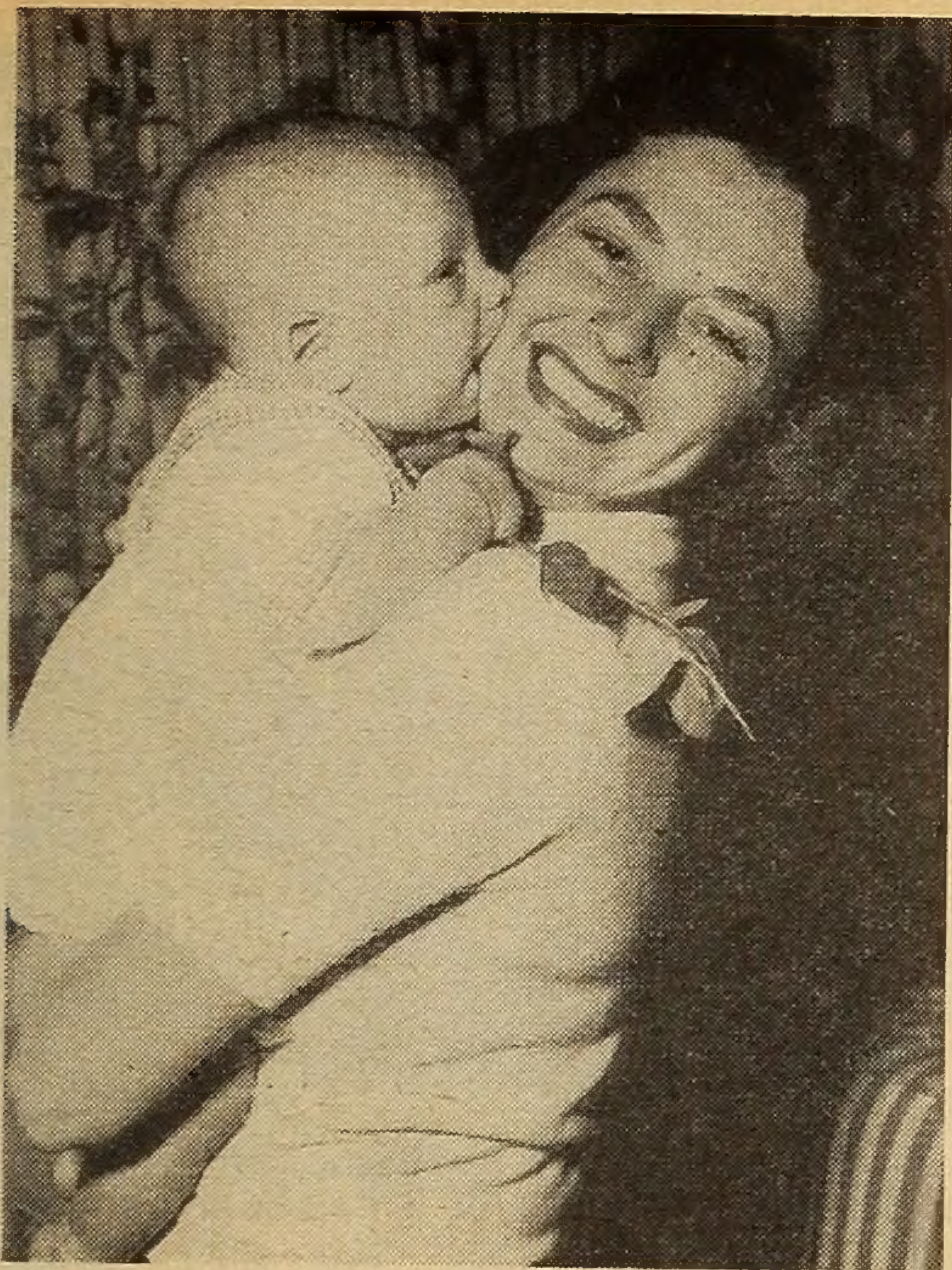
tional night club debut in Las Vegas he started a new fad there—all the male citizens started copying his bright red socks. And his home studio, MGM, changed their minds about making Van take a cut in salary—they're just glad to have him back.

Another red bird—Jane Wyman, whiled away the off hours on the set of "So Big" by knitting her Freddie Karger a wild, bright red sweater. Claims she can find him more easily on the golf links.

"Elephant Walk" must be the bad-luck picture of all time. First Vivien Leigh



Pier Angeli, while Kirk Douglas cavorts in Europe, enjoys a restful vacation at Hotel Nacional in Havana. She'd been on a good-will tour of Latin America.



The first photo of Ruth Roman's six-months-old infant son, Richard Hall.

had a nervous breakdown and had to be replaced by Elizabeth Taylor. Then Liz caught a steel splinter in her eye and had to go to the hospital when it got infected. Speaking of Vivien—reports are that she won't be able to work for about a year.

Bob Hope got orders from his doctor to shed 20 pounds. This is no fun for anybody but especially not for Ski-nose, who adores ice cream. Thing that made the boy finally decide to give it up and substitute yoghurt and fruit was the doc's remark that Hope was beginning to look like Crosby around the middle. Anyway that's the crack our boy made.

Young guy named Robert Francis, son
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer just before "Lili" was shown at Cannes Festival.

Dummies don't perspire

...but real live girls need MUM®

MUM

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

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New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

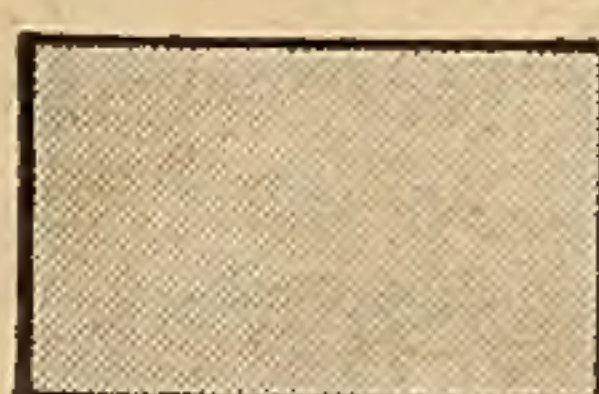
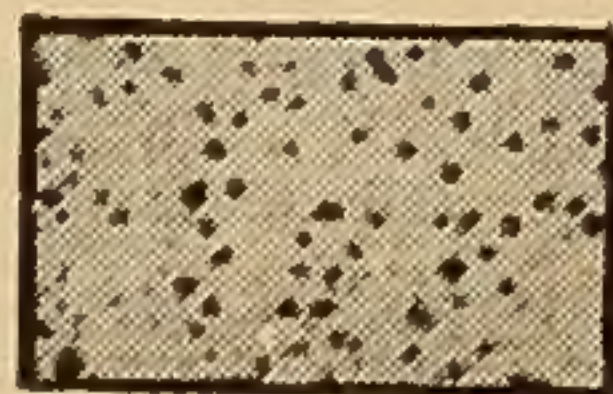


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

of a Pasadena postman, walked right out of the Army and into the Navy, so to speak. Just on an off chance, he called Stanley Kramer and reminded him that he'd studied dramatics at Columbia Studios before he was drafted. Mr. K. invited him over, took one look at him and tossed him the plum role of the young Willie Keith in "Caine Mutiny." And then we have people who struggle for years for a break, you know.

When Joan Crawford winds up "Torch Song" (and I hear direct from Director Chuck Walters that she's the sensation of all time, singing and dancing in Technicolor), she'll dash off another picture,

for "Pony Express." Her co-star, Charlton Heston, gave her a shove, and she made contact with a large splinter, which went right through her buckskin pants and punctured what's underneath.

At this point, all seems serene in the Bob Mitchum household. He and Dorothy went off on a vacation trip—to Delaware to visit her family and then maybe a Mexican holiday.

Never heard of this happening, but maybe it did in the real plush days of the theatre—Roz Russell was given a large and swanky dressing room that cost thousands on account of her great suc-



Jane Greer and husband, Ed Lasker, at formal premiere of Cinerama on Coast.



Lex Barker and his sweetheart, Lana Turner, strolling through the streets of Capri, Italian vacation spot. They had just completed a quick tour of Europe.

"Lisbon," and then turn her terrific energy toward producing and directing a picture that she's bought. Called "Mansion On The Lake," it'll star some other gal, not yet picked.

MGM finally got out of the Mario Lanza snarl. It's taken a year to come to an agreement. They dropped their 5-million suit against him, get to use the recordings he made and will spot in an actor who doesn't sing and use Lanza's voice. Now I reckon everybody's happy, except possibly Lanza.

The hazards of making Westerns—little Jan Sterling was sitting down real gingerly as the result of a ride in a stagecoach

cess in "Wonderful Town," the musical version of "My Sister Eileen." Usually these dolls get crowded into seamy little holes backstage where they can't even swing a cat.

Sure some hassle among the Andrews Sisters—seems like the husband of one of them is more or less the center of the conflict. Anyway, until their problems are solved they're not appearing together which is a darn shame.

Wonder what'll happen with the Gene Tierney-Aly Khan romance. She's got a rock (diamond type) that weighs her down and she was his house guest at the Ireland castle which Aly bought for Rita

Hayworth. This boy has a lot of charm and so we may have another Princess around by the time you read this.

A Mexican comedian named, of all things, Pedro Gonzales-Gonzales has been keeping U-I's "Wings Of The Hawk" set jumping with his antics. One of the things he has to do is take a big slug of tequila. Unused to the Hollywood practice of substituting water for clear type spirits, G-G took the big slug, registered something between surprise and horror, and sent a shower of the stuff right at the 3-D camera. He apologized afterward, allowing that he thought someone was trying to poison him.

And then—Sex Comes To 3-D—in the same picture, which is a Western, girl star Julia Adams, in the flimsiest of nightgowns, comes crawling straight at you and practically into your lap. Wonder how long it will be before the novelty of objects coming toward you—exclusive of pretty girls in pretty nightgowns, say, will wear off.

One more item of who's wearing what in "Wings"—Van Heflin has inherited quite an assortment of clothes for the movie. He's got a hat that Jimmy Stewart wore in another Western, one of Joel



Anne Jeffreys and hubby Bob Sterling who are a new night club sensation.



Joanne Dru and James Stewart have rugged time of it in "Thunder Bay."

ing by his fellow prisoners, Holden forsakes his hustling for a heroic attempt to nail the real spy. In view of today's headlines, it seems impossible that so much fun could be packed into the script. Otto Preminger, Don Taylor and Harvey Lembeck of the New York cast furnish excellent support for Holden, who turns in a first-rate performance. **Paramount.**

Let's Do It Again

THE fun's contagious in this free wheeling comedy of a divorced couple who are still secretly in love. When sophisticate Jane Wyman learns that hubby Ray Milland is faking business trips to Chicago so that he can make the night spots with Valerie Bettis and study modern music, she decides to retaliate. She returns home one morning with a mythical yarn of spending an evening stranded with a local wolf-about-town. Her action starts an explosion that eventually ends with a divorce, final in 60 days. During the two months deadline, Jane becomes engaged to millionaire Aldo Ray and Milland takes up with socialite Karin Booth. Jane decides to put Milland's affection for his fiancée to a test by posing as his hotcha sister. The affair ends in a broken engagement for Karin and a reconciliation for Jane. Movie, which goes all-out for fun shenanigans, finds Jane, Milland and the others plunging in wholeheartedly in the slapstick antics as well as the music by Ned Washington and Lester Lee. **Columbia.**

Jamaica Run

HERE's a slam-bang adventure yarn with all the necessary ingredients. Ray Milland, captain-owner of a trading schooner, is in love with Arlene Dahl, mistress of a sugar cane plantation. Arlene, however, refuses to marry Milland, feeling responsibility for her drink-loving mother (Carroll McCormack) and her ne'er-do-well brother (Wendell Corey). It is only through her efforts that the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

Now!

Stop perspiration

and odor with the

safe-and-sure

deodorant



ETIQUET instantly ends perspiration odor—checks perspiration moisture . . . *safely* and *surely*! Gives the *day-long* protection glamorous women depend on . . . does not harm clothing!

FLUFFY-LIGHT and soothing, Etiquet is a superior deodorant in a luxury vanishing cream base. No drip, no mess, it goes on easily, disappears in a jiffy!

EXCLUSIVE FORMULA — Etiquet contains a special formula to curb the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. It's antiseptic—safe for normal skin.

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NEW! ETIQUET STICK DEODORANT!

Now, a few quick dabs with handy new ETIQUET STICK DEODORANT give you day-long protection against underarm odor! So convenient... so fast... and, above all, so *effective*, thanks to the exclusive ETIQUET formula. It's the easiest-to-use deodorant ever!





Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon are so excellent in "Scandal In Scourie."



Betty Grable gives Dale Robertson trimming in "Farmer Takes A Wife."



William Foster and William Holden in the grim, realistic "Stalag 17."

Your guide to current films

CONTINUED

plantation has been saved and that she has been able to resist the tempting offers of Patric Knowles to turn it into a resort. Knowles, refusing to give up, finds a loophole in Arlene's ownership of the estate when he discovers two other prospective heirs. From then on it becomes a battle of temperament and treachery. The film is a Pine-Thomas special, directed by Lewis Foster, and enhanced with Technicolor. **Paramount.**

The Juggler

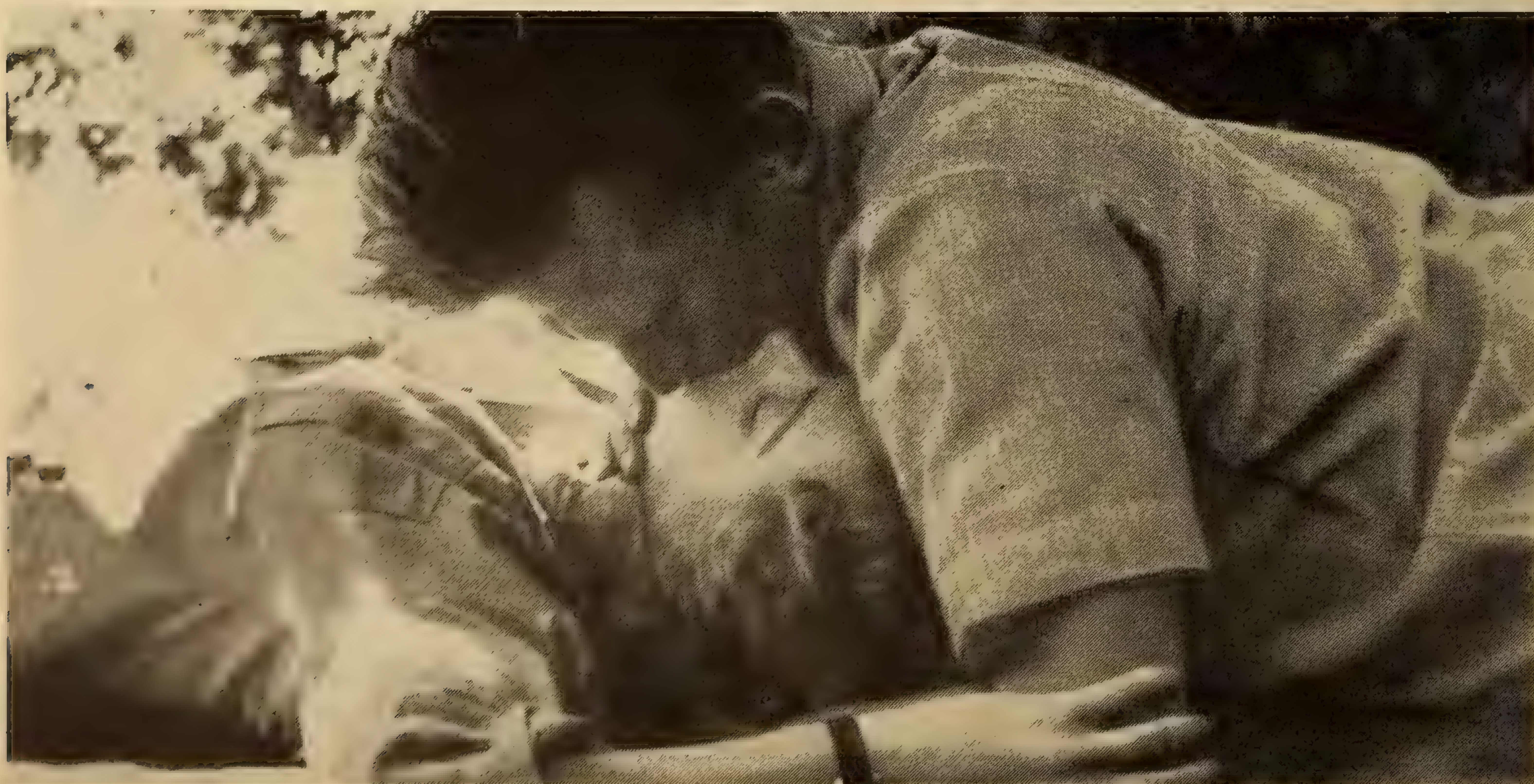
THE new republic of Israel forms the unusual background for Stanley Kramer's documentary of displaced per-

sons. The film traces the rehabilitation of juggler Kirk Douglas. An international German celebrity, Douglas thinks of himself as a German not a Jew, and therefore immune to the concentration camps. When his wife and children are killed in a gas chamber, he blames himself for their death. He becomes neurotic, afraid of being confined, constantly on the run. Temporarily placed in a camp in Israel while awaiting assignment to a work village, he becomes panicky and overpowers a guard to escape. Believing he has killed him, he begins a frantic flight across Israel. In his travels he meets Milly Vitale, who offers him love, and Joey Walsh, a young fan, who rekindles his enthusiasm for juggling. It is through their efforts that he agrees to return with pursuing police and undertake psychiatric treatments. Douglas' keen perception of the part, plus the rousing folk dances add greatly to film's standards. **Columbia.**

Dangerous When Wet

WHEN the farmer's daughter, Esther Williams, meets traveling medicine man, Jack Carson, she doesn't tumble for his line—but he sure does for hers. The result is that Esther and her health-ecentric family (William Demarest, Charlotte Greenwood, Barbara Whiting and Donna Corcoran) are entered by Jack's vitamin firm in the English Channel race. While training, Esther meets playboy Fernando Lamas, who manages to topple both her training schedule and romantic barrier. When Esther learns that her entire family has been disqualified from the race and that she is the only entry, she forsakes Fernando for a rigorous practice session. Although she makes a fair showing in the race, it isn't until Fernando jumps into the water and swims with her that she is urged on to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)



Kirk Douglas falls in love with Milly Vitale in "The Juggler," but is so concerned with eluding the police their romance is secondary to the chase.

From a London golf course to Montmartre and the banks of the Seine, keeping up with Bing Crosby can be a breathless whirl, yet it's one way to learn all about him

European Weekend with Bing

By ANGIE CURLITT

FOLLOWING Bing Crosby on a weekend in Europe is like trying to pin down a comet. Just when you think you have the celestial body neatly cornered and you pause to catch your breath, it breaks out and is off again, with you in hot pursuit. Naturally, you don't give up, but you do find yourself thinking that there must be easier ways of keeping tabs on fabulous Der Bingle.

All this came about when I decided to make a quick trip to England from Austria, where I am president of the Austrian Club Crosby, to catch Bing in a golf match, and then move over to Paris to spend the remainder of the weekend watching him work on his latest movie, "Little Boy Lost."

IT WAS the day before he was scheduled to leave for France, and Bing was the leading attraction at a golf match for the National Playing Fields Association, on the Temple Golf Course, so with my young sister for company, I made my way out to the course in the pouring rain. There was a mob on hand, and I assume that Bob Hope's presence there too might have had something to do with the size of the crowd, but quite obviously our attention was focused on Bing.

A moment after the first tee-off by an English player, Bing appeared. He wore a maroon shirt, canary yellow cardigan, chocolate brown trousers, brown shoes and a wide checked cap! Quite a mixture, and certainly not anything a conservative Englishman would ever be (CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)



Bing might seem to be studying hard, but actually it's unnecessary. While in Paris for the filming of "Little Boy Lost," he learned the language fluently.

They Don't Make 'Em Any Bigger or Better!

JANE RUSSELL ★ **MARILYN MONROE**

in
HOWARD HAWKS'

**Gentlemen
Prefer
Blondes**

20th Century-Fox's Musical With Everything PLUS!

TECHNICOLOR

Tres chic! Tres terrifique!
The Broadway bonanza about
those "two little girls from
Little Rock" who set out to
conquer the world from
New York to Gay Paree is the
screen's No. 1 musical extravaganza!

co-starring

**CHARLES
COBURN**

with ELLIOTT REID • TOMMY NOONAN
GEORGE WINSLOW • MARCEL DALIO
TAYLOR HOLMES • NORMA VARDEN
HOWARD WENDELL • STEVEN GERAY

PRODUCED BY

SOL C. SIEGEL • HOWARD HAWKS • CHARLES LEDERER

DIRECTED BY

SCREEN PLAY BY

BASED ON THE MUSICAL COMEDY BY
JOSEPH FIELDS and ANITA LOOS

Music and Lyrics by JULE STYNE and LEO ROBIN • Presented on the Stage by HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH



Geraldine Brooks, Anna Magnani and Shirley Booth at party in honor of the celebrated Italian star. Magnani's disheveled appearance was big disappointment to her admirers.



Danton Walker's

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

AT WORK OR PLAY, VISITING HOLLYWOOD STARS CAN SET EVEN BLASE NEW YORK BACK ON ITS HEELS

THE special demonstration of CinemaScope at the Roxy Theatre proved several points very emphatically during the course of "How To Marry A Millionaire" and "The Robe." In the former, Betty Grable copped top honors as the most polished performer; Lauren Bacall, the least talented, Marilyn Monroe, the biggest surprise. The Mmmmm-mmm girl is here to stay, particularly in the new wide-screen process. But "Baby" Bacall never looked worse on film. The latest technique is apparently not for her. Not yet, at least. Vic Mature, in "The Robe," will surprise his many fans and he'll build up a new following of Mature admirers. Richard Burton surpasses his "My Cousin Rachel" and "Desert Rats" acting stints . . .

For her Cotillion Room singing engagement, Denise Darcel wore a black beaded gown with narrow shoulder straps. As she finished her opening night performance, both straps gave way—beautiful timing! Among those in the audience who gawked and gasped were Dorothy Lamour, Louis B. Mayer, Gloria De Haven, Richard Carlson, Jack Palance, Ezio Pinza, Shirley Booth, Rosalind Russell and Bert Lahr . . .



Denise Darcel, here escorted by Dr. Mato Marinovich, gave New Yorkers something to gasp about at her Cotillion Room opening.

At the Latin Quarter, Dagmar had opening night jitters and trouble with her gown, (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

CONTINUED

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY



Ethel Merman lunching at Stork Club with her children, Robert and Ethel Levitt. Beaded eyelashes are Ethel's trademark, but she can't wear artificial ones unless they're nylon.



Peggy Ann Garner and Jackie Cooper, a new twosome, both with marriages behind them, at TV's "Come As You Were" ball.



Fabulous ZsaZsa Gabor, with Brian Aherne during Pen & Pencil party, keeps flaxen hair that way with a family's preparation.

too. In an enthusiastic moment when the buxom singer took too deep a bow and curtsy, she had to hobble off-stage facing the audience . . .

PHYLLIS KIRK and Nanette Fabray walked away with top honors at the season's biggest cocktail soiree given for out-of-town newspaper editors and publishers at the swank Plaza Hotel. Adding youth, beauty and talent to a room crammed to overflowing with top-ranking stage and screen celebrities, it was the stars of "House Of Wax" and "The Bandwagon" who scored the biggest hit with visiting members of the Fourth Estate . . .

Yvonne DeCarlo spurned an elaborate luncheon party a friend wanted to toss for her at the Colony Restaurant, in favor of escorting a group of underprivileged children to the Central Park Zoo where she played hostess, supplied the youngsters with popcorn, candy, balloons and never-ending rides on the carousel. As she later explained it, "I had as much fun, if not more than they did and, furthermore, I can go to the Colony any day, but the Park Zoo is a real treat for me!" . . .

Dorothy Lamour believes in looking like a movie queen at all times, for which we salute her. But the full movie-makeup she wears spoils the illusion. At 12 o'clock noon it's somewhat disturbing to see the "jungle princess" strolling along Fifth Avenue on "The Road To 21" with beaded eyelashes and a deep, dark Max Factor suntan . . .

ROBERT TAYLOR, en route to Europe, boarded the Ile de France looking old and haggard. He admitted to nervous exhaustion . . .

Linda Darnell avoided autograph seekers in the lobby of the Hotel Plaza by using the room service elevator instead of the passenger lifts, only to find herself stuck in the elevator for thirty minutes. When the emergency crew came to release the car, she stalked through the lobby and found herself surrounded (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

Is Being SEXY Enough?

"You can't win with sex appeal alone," says Jean Peters, "but mix it with love and understanding and you have a formula for happiness"

By DEE PHILLIPS



Jean Peters chatting with Casey Adams between scenes of her new film, "Vicki."



"I was a real killer-diller in 'Pickup On South Street,' with Richard Widmark."

"SEX isn't love and love isn't sex unless some other very important emotions are involved," says Jean Peters, who happens to have an ample supply of that mysterious thing called sex herself. "There are still emotions like companionship, understanding, and an enduring love, which after all, make a lasting and happy marriage.

"Perhaps we in the entertainment business have been largely responsible for gilding the lily until you can't see its beauty for the gilt," Jean says. "But real living and the 'pretend' of drama are two separate things and we women at least should recognize that.

"Not that I don't think sex has an important place. I couldn't very well sell it short because I finally campaigned myself into a real killer-diller in 'Pick Up On South Street.' I had a tough time getting the role. The powers-that-be wanted a blonde with obvious assets for the job. So I started wearing patent leather pumps, tight skirts, and interesting blouses. Then I began running into Sam Fuller, the director, quite accidentally. He finally got my message and decided a brunette with equivalent assets would do. Actually, it wasn't the sexiness of the role that intrigued me, it was really the change of pace."

This wasn't the first time Jean had campaigned for a part. When she wanted to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)



"Every girl has sex appeal—because she's a female. Used properly, it's a wonderful asset; used improperly it's cheap."



How Enduring Is Young Love?

IF MARRIAGE IN HOLLYWOOD BY-PASSES THE SLOW TEST
AND AIMS FOR A QUICK DIVORCE, COULD IT BE THAT OUR STARS ARE SIMPLY IMMATURE?

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

"MOST of the new and young marriages of Hollywood are legalized adultery! Too often, the younger stars seem unable to take money, glamour, excitement in their proper perspective . . . and the eventual and inevitable result is chaos."

Harsh as those words may sound, this is the opinion of columnist Virginia Chumley, whose nation-wide word on about anything and everything from modes to marriages is taken by the American public with no little seriousness.

"Nine out of ten of the young stars seem to believe," she goes on, "that because life is different in Hollywood, marriage is also different. The theory seems to be that, 'Oh, well, why not try it, anyway? If we don't get along, we can always get a divorce.'"

From such a habit of mind comes the grim accusation: legalized adultery! And it isn't the first time that the marriage manners and customs of the movie industry have come in for some pretty strenuous dressing-down . . . from the press, civic organizations, religious bodies.

Not so long ago, an English newspaper tersely remarked, at the latest conclusion of a union of a seemingly happy film pair, "Out there it would seem that marriage by-passes the slow test and aims for divorce as the quick goal."

Thus, with the eyes of the world on Hollywood, it's no small surprise that there should be a close analysis, plus much criticism of the marital ways and means of the movie colony—with the pivot of attention on romance in the adolescent manner.

How enduring is young love?

THERE are two answers, whether it concerns Hollywood or any other town in the United States. Marriage in the motion picture industry isn't any different from marriage anywhere else, if it's to be a successful marriage. Everywhere there's the need for the basic essentials in choosing a mate.

The most relevant question seems to be: can the unions of people like Jane Powell and Geary Steffen, Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty stand the gaff of that turbulent hulloaloo of, "Is it on . . . or is it off. . . ?"

Can the incessant wonderment of the fans, the constant probing by both psychologists and the press (*who pry unrelentingly into their lives like a puppy worrying a bone*) can all of this make or mar today's modern romances of the young stars?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



Geary Steffen's too-jealous worry over Jane Powell is now threatening the end of a marriage that had always seemed to be one that would last.



After making one teenage mistake, everyone hopes that Liz Taylor is now mature enough to succeed in her marriage to Michael Wilding.



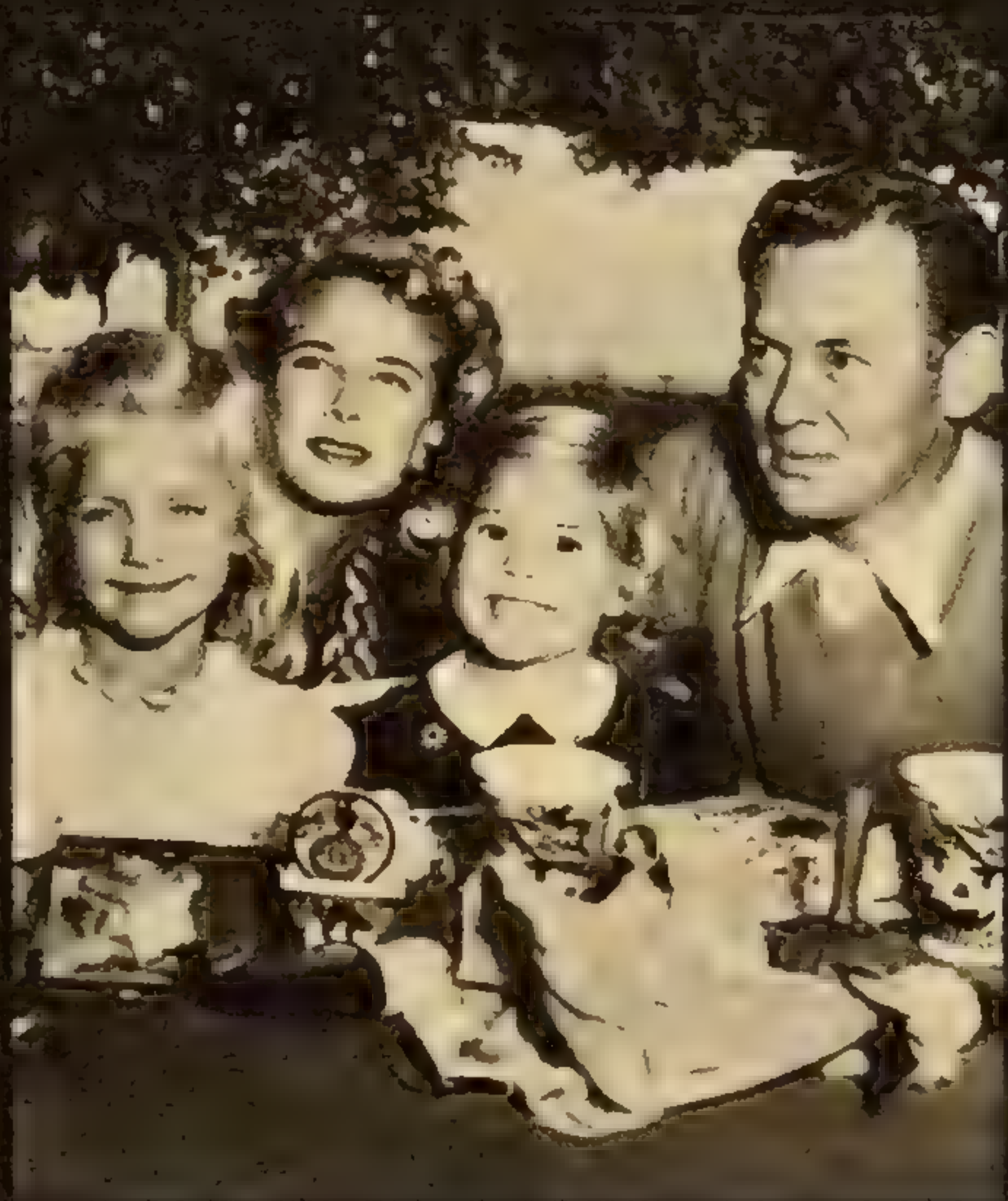
Sometimes parents of a young star are to blame for a false start. Perhaps Ava Gardner's family could have prevented the ill-fated Artie Shaw marriage.



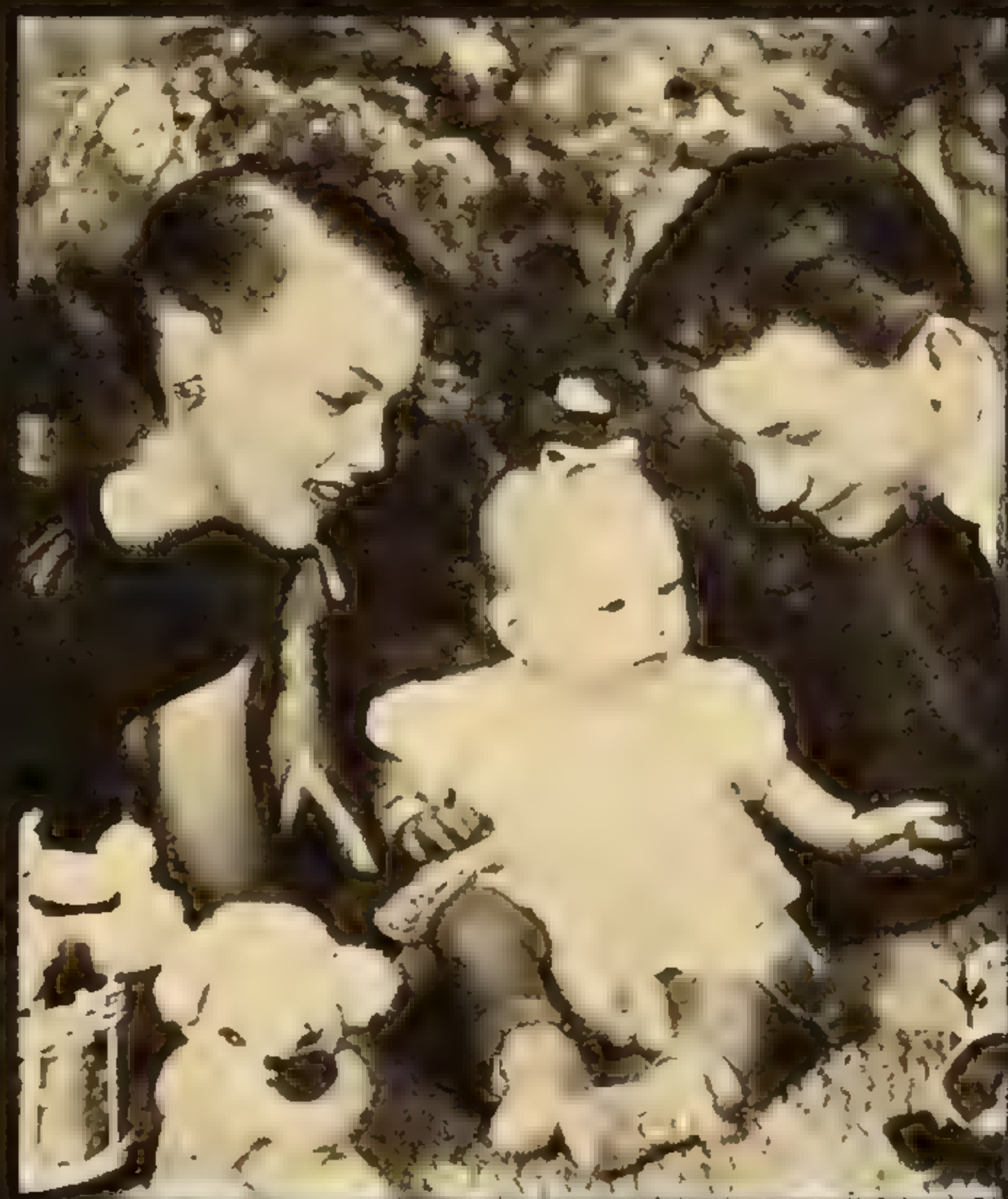
The much-married Mr. Shaw was one of Lana Turner's mistakes which might have been prevented by her mother.



Terry Moore is quick to admit that too short acquaintance was responsible for the Glenn Davis marital fiasco.



And in the case of Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney pretty much the same was true. In happier times they posed with little Mona, Melisse Fairbanks.



Young love held promise a few years back when the Donald O'Connors observed baby's first Christmas. However, fame has shattered it.



Like the O'Connors, the Dale Robertsons have found that a man's success makes inroads into personal lives that were happy when love was young and he unknown.



Jane Russell's happy life with Bob Waterfield, her childhood love, is filmdom's best argument in favor of youthful marriages.



Newlyweds Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty are mature adults who will be well able to withstand any rumor.



Maybe girls in Hollywood would do better with more mature men. Leonard Goldstein, 28 years older than Piper Laurie, is a favored escort.



Another combination of youth and experience is the Kirk Douglas-Pier Angeli idyl which may yet work.

My reasons for not marrying

Rock Hudson wishes he had
chances to meet other than actresses —
the loving-hands-at-home type

By JERRY ASHER



"I want lots of
kids and want them
while I'm young."

BIG, brawny and very impressionable Rock Hudson was too startled to say a word. He just sat there staring—staring at the stack of fan mail before him.

Minutes passed. Furtive fingers finally extracted a letter from the bottom of the heap. Gingerly, Rock read it again, as if his eyes had deceived him and this time the contents would serve to soothe his ruffled feelings. Alas, reality set in like a bolt out of the well-known blue!

"If you get married I'll never go to see another one of your pictures," the words fairly leaped out at him. "What's your big rush anyway? You're just getting started, so why tie yourself down with a wife. It's much more romantic to watch a single guy making love on the screen and all my girl friends feel the same





With Renata Hoy, Valerie Jackson, Anita Ekberg and Alice Kelley on "Golden Blade" set. But, actually, Rock's a homebody.

Rock, Yvonne DeCarlo in "Sea Devils." He fears mistakes.

way. If you marry Vera-Ellen—we'll never forgive you, and you'll lose some fans."

Now the official announcement of his engagement to Vera-Ellen, a few weeks previous, had nothing to do with it. Had it been Garbo, Piper Laurie or Marjorie Main, his fans would have screamed their unhappy heads off just the same. They wanted their hot Rock to be heart whole and free to follow his fancy. Because he was a fairly new and naive boy in Hollywood, those letters caused their intended reaction.

"I must be honest and admit they gave both Vera and me a great deal to think about," Rock reassures, "but they weren't the reason we decided against marrying. During the time we were engaged, we discovered many things about ourselves (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)





THE TRAGIC CURSE ON MARTIN AND LEWIS

DEAN AND JERRY HAVE NOT ESCAPED THE INEVITABLE HEX ON COMEDIANS

By ELIZABETH MacDONALD

IT'S A success story of course, the story of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. They've got everything most of us think we want, the fame and luxuries and adulation a laughter-hungry world has heaped upon them. They're right up there on top, the funnymen born with the gift of coaxing laughter to take the edge off other people's worries and responsibilities and troubles. And yet it's not a success story at all if you happen to be the sort of persons, like Dean and Jerry themselves, who count good fortune in such non-negotiable securities as peace of heart and soul and mind. Then their story is a tragedy. For with all their luck, and they've had plenty of it, they haven't escaped the terrible jinx that invariably claims the comedian for its victim.

Show people know about that jinx. Ask anyone of them and they'll tell you that it's the clowns who lead tragedians' lives with the laughter they give others turning to dust in their own hearts. To them, who have seen the jinx in operation time and time again, *Pagliacci* isn't just a character in an opera. He's the comic who is tops on the stage or in movies or radio and television. He's all the funnymen whose antics have ever jolted you out of the jitters. He's Red Skelton, who has had more troubles in a few years than most of us are called on to face in a lifetime, what with his illnesses, operations and marriage problems, and Lou Costello and Jimmy Durante. And if you want to go back that far, he's W. C. Fields and Charlie Chaplin, whose troubles are no less real because they're mainly self-inflicted. To bring you right back to the present, he's Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, too. They're going to howl at the very (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)



Patti and Jerry Lewis. She has been of immeasurable help to him during his unhappy times.



Dean and Jean Martin have been on verge of separation.



Thinking up laughs for routines causes Jerry's insomnia.

Nothing bothers Dean. He's always relaxed and rested.

◀ Trouble and unhappiness privately stalk Dean and Jerry.



SUBTLETY, CYD CHARISSE FOUND, GIVES MARRIAGE AS MUCH ZING AS MORE STARTLING METHODS

A HUSBAND, whether or not he realizes it, never discovers all there is to know about a clever wife. Upon occasion, she may startle her man, leave him thunderstruck, or merely curious; again she may be like Cyd Charisse, so subtle that he's only dimly aware of a spicy fragrance when there have been changes made.

Until she amazed Hollywood with that sultry number in "Singin' In The Rain," most people thought of Cyd Charisse as a lady—noble, gifted and lovely. A graduate of the Ballet Russe, she was, they supposed, at her best as a ballerina; always ornamental, she could do a sad scene, yes even a dramatic scene. Now, suddenly, she had proved she could be dangerous.

"There's spice in Cyd Charisse," word flew about. She was given another wild, exotic dance in "Sombrero," and demanded by Fred Astaire for "The Band Wagon." Reports from these films brought her "Brigadoon," her next with Gene Kelly, and "Kismet." The screen expects her to be piquant, daring. People whisper: "Cyd Charisse, what now, I wonder?"

"I haven't really changed," confided Cyd, earnestly. "It just happened I had the opportunity to do a striking number. It was good for me; it's good for any girl to snap up her career, and nothing adds spice to a picture like a brilliant dance.

WHEN PRIVATE life, a bit of spice is also good, but you must take into account the kind of man you have married. Some men like to be startled, some like to be left guessing, still others like to think life goes along smoothly by magic—they are better pleased not to find out how it's done.

"Tony Martin is the easy-going type. To him, everything is all right the way it is. I have to effect changes so gently he's not aware of them."

When Tony and Cyd were first married, they had a house boy who had looked after Tony in his bachelor days. Tony thought he was comfortable, for nothing much needs to be done for a bachelor except pick up after him, make his breakfast, and provide an occasional dinner. Marcellus' dinners were either curry or shrimp. Since Tony ate out almost every night, he thought these meals were delicious, and so they were, as a change.

But Cyd's idea of marriage, however, meant more dinners at home. As a daily diet, shrimp and curries palled. Cyd doesn't cook. She was also working. So she waved her magic wand on a spicy breeze. No one, least-wise Tony, is sure at this date just how it happened that a New Orleans friend insisted on taking Marcellus back to Louisiana (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

how to SPICE up your MARRIAGE

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY



◀ "Never let a man know what goes on behind the scenes," says Cyd.

With Fred Astaire in "The Bandwagon," her latest film.



The youthful and uninhibited team of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis have certainly had their share of publicity photos.



Tony and Janet feel that if they love life, their careers and one another—why shouldn't the world know about it.

Photographers are always welcome wherever Janet or Tony are, even when vacationing. Film folks say this is wrong.

**TONY AND JANET CONTINUE TO
BE UNMINDFUL OF THEIR ADVERSE PUBLICITY**



THE CRITICS BE DAMNED!

By PETER SHERWOOD

EXHIBITIONISTS OR NOT, JANET

AND TONY ARE HAVING A WHALE OF A TIME

QUESTION of the hour in Hollywood is: have Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis oversold themselves? Many a young actor and actress have crawled up a notch or two on the ladder to movie fame and fortune by a rash of homey publicity, but . . .

"You can't open a magazine or a newspaper today," wails a veteran movie star, "and not be confronted by a new, intimate phase of the happy, home-loving, uninhibited, in-the-raw existence of the Curtises. They've been photographed everywhere but in the bathtub—and the end is not in sight!"

On the other hand, here is the opinion of Betty L. . . who happens to be the charming, well-educated 15-year-old daughter of a friend of ours. "I'm a movie fan, and I enjoy knowing everything I can about the private lives of the people I admire on the screen or stage.

"Probably I know more about Janet and Tony than any other stars on the screen today," she goes on, "and I love it. I have seen them photographed around the clock, living in every room of their home, working in the kitchen, playing outdoors. I think that sort of thing is very exciting."

Still another opinion is that of a top Hollywood agent who has handled some of the biggest stars in the business, and also some of the newcomers. "The Curtises suffer from an exhibitionist complex.

THE true stars of the screen, television—and in fact any field of entertainment—avoid, as much as possible, the limelight, the constant public acclaim, the tried and trite formulas of cheap publicity," he goes on. "But Janet and Tony don't seem happy unless a camera lens is prying—night and day—into the most private moments of their lives."

To all these accusations—from foe or friend—the Curtises answer, "The Critics Be Damned!" They're having a whale of a time being themselves—and having fun, too! And, they have made it plain, that as long as the press and the photographers are there to portray the progress of the saga of America's most publicized movie team, they are ready, anxious and willing to please!

The simple fact is that quite a bit of their publicity has come perilously close to the limits of taste—let alone good taste—and even that does not deter them. They have been photographed lying across a double bed making eyes at one another, they have been photographed in showers, bathrooms and doctors' offices. But they have yet to be photographed in Bikini bathing suits in each other's arms—underwater!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)



Up to now, neither Janet nor Tony have hit top box-office, but their co-starring film, "Houdini," may change that.

In the Paramount picture, Tony has a role that's entirely different from anything he has yet attempted on the screen.





THE CONVENTS OF PARIS TURNED A TOMBOY INTO A LADY. NOW, LESLIE CARON LOOKS BACK GRATEFULLY

I WAS A CONVENT GIRL...

By Peer J. Oppenheimer

TENACIOUSLY, eight-year-old Leslie Caron held on to the side of the eight wheel truck which lumbered through a busy, cobble-stone street of Paris. Her feet, wearing a pair of shiny new roller skates, sometimes barely touched the ground, but her eyes were gleaming with excitement.

Suddenly the truck made a sharp left turn into a narrow alley. Leslie lost her grip and sailed straight into a sidewalk vegetable stand, spilling fruit and vegetables all over the street.

Fifteen minutes later, clothes torn and smeared liberally with the juices and saps of tomatoes, bananas, squash, and a few other "legumes," Leslie meekly confronted her mother. "I am very sorry, mamman, I . . . I . . ."

Mamman was "very sorry" too. More than that! "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, we cannot go on like this. We'll have to make a lady out of you somehow . . ."

Two weeks later, Leslie reported to the convent school in La Rue Des Dames.

The truck incident was the final link in a chain of happenings that made Mme. Caron decide that an (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)



◀ Her early teachings instilled in Leslie what the prime functions of a woman really are.

By LOUIS REID



John, back in 1933, with his first bride, Josephine Saenz of Dominican Republic.



John and Josephine were happy for eleven years. They had four children.

John's Incurable Complex

TYPICAL AMERICAN HE-MAN JOHN WAYNE HAS YET TO FALL IN LOVE WITH AN AVERAGE AMERICAN GIRL

TRY to picture strapping he-man John Wayne strumming a sentimental guitar in a soft serenade beneath a senorita's window!

It just isn't possible.

Nor can one envision him tossing roses and impassioned words up to a dark-eyed charmer on a moonlit balcony, or practicing the arts of hand-kissing and eye-rolling in the legendary below-the-Rio Grande manner.

He definitely doesn't suggest that kind of lover.

He just doesn't seem the kind of suitor that south-of-the-border belles would give two twirls of a fan for.

Certainly not this actor who has been so clearly identified in the public mind as a strong man eternally pitted in a great struggle against the sea, against the dangerous frontier, against the enemy in wartime.

Yet, there's the impressive, incomprehensible fact. John Wayne is Hollywood's all-time champion in his appeal to Latin-American women.

The 6 feet, 4 inch ex-football hero, as American as his native Waterloo, Ia., now the screen's No. 1 box office star with an income of \$500,000 a year, is filmdom's chief romantic exemplar of the Good Neighbor Policy.

For a Main Street fellow who was once called Duke Morrison it comes under the head of the incredible.

In his hemispheric goodwill over a score of years, the

big 46-year-old symbol of the big outdoors has escorted two Latin-American girls to the altar.

And he is now courting a third, notwithstanding the failures of his two marriages.

All are striking brunette beauties. There is no record that Gentleman John has ever preferred a blonde—a northern, so to speak, blonde.

WAYNE'S first wife was Josephine Alicia Saenz, daughter of Dr. Jose S. Saenz, former consul for the Dominican Republic in Los Angeles. She divorced him after 11 years of marriage, and was given custody of their four children.

His second wife is Esperanza Baur, Mexican screen star. Her divorce suit is pending. The couple have thus far failed to agree on a settlement.

"I tried every way to make a go of our marriage," he said recently. "I've gone as far as I can in this matter. I'm still hoping we will reach a settlement before the trial so there will be as little scandal as possible for everyone's sake.

"We tried to get together and settle before filing the divorce papers, but we didn't make it."

Wayne said he had offered Chata—his nickname for Esperanza (*a Spanish word*)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



His second wife was Esperanza Baur, Mexican film star, another Latin.



John with his four kids, Michael, Melinda, Patrick and Toni while on vacation.



With airline hostesses. But average American girls just don't send John.

Pilar Palette, Peruvian beauty, may be the third Mrs. John Wayne. Why do the south-of-the-border girls so intrigue John?



"We are as young as we feel, as young as we want to be and could be if that birthday didn't come along each year to remind us otherwise," says Doris Day

BIRTHDAYS?

I'M AGIN 'EM!

By RUTH CUMMINGS ROWLAND

DORIS DAY, known in Hollywood for her sparkling smile, even temper and pleasant disposition is nevertheless very adamant on one thing. She doesn't like birthdays and is honest enough to say so in no uncertain terms.

Since Doris looks like most females would like to look . . . slender and blonde with that enviable "scrubbed look," which is so attractive to the opposite sex, and is so fastidiously groomed in simple blouses and skirts and besides, looks far more seductive in a high-necked evening gown than most girls look in a plunging neckline . . . one wonders why she is so "agin birthdays." After all, she is still young enough to tell her age without flinching about it and, no matter how old she happens to be at this moment, she looks a good five years younger . . . and without even trying.

"I think birthdays are wonderful for children . . . the presents they get . . . and the fun they have. To them a birthday means a party. And what child doesn't love a birthday party?"

ONE MIGHT argue the point with Doris that there are lots of adults, too, who love a party, especially a birthday party. Since, let's face it, a great many bad tempered little minks have been born and bred to make a lovely present for somebody's birthday . . . and no woman ever feels too old to get one! But to a girl like Doris, who in spite of her sensational success remains essentially simple in her tastes and philosophy of life, material things are unimportant. She does not underestimate the luxuries money can buy . . . and she loves pretty clothes as well as the next girl. In

*"I think birthdays are wonderful for children.
After 18 you're stuck with your birthday."*

fact, she has reached the point of extravagances unattainable to Doris. But her frank point of view of life. I

"I believe," she said, looking at her wrist, "one should not put up with a birthday is a definite barrier of a girl who is 22 and is not 23. 'Goodness,' she begins to say, 'I should be 23 and suppose I should be 24!' A year after that I'll be 24!" She is a happy one, it's sad, because she's getting . . . and then

"SUPPOSE," continued Doris, "no yard stick by which we should live. You'd feel young, wouldn't you? Should we be stuck with a birthday which only makes you aware of how old you should be and how life is? In this instance, a woman has suddenly thinks about her husband, that she's sure she's old, that her husband is too old to stay up with her, and, even if she believes correctly, that her friends say she looks young—even though she has twenty years of marriage that she is on the side of 40 and she can't really be happy she would be if she could all skip our birthday."

"You mean just give them a birthday?"

"Of course," she laughed, "and enjoying every birthday, and enjoying every birthday away? After you reach 100 you're stuck with your birthday."

"WISH we could all do that," she said. "I did . . . give our birthday a little more joy! Wouldn't it be a little more courage and the whimsy of a birthday? I'm going to say that I'm going to forget how old I am and to accomplish all the things I want to do, there is nothing which reminds me of my age or forty or fifty . . . and then I'll venture because I'm too old to do it. I don't ache, they should ache. It is what we reveal in our faces that we are as young as we feel, and we could be, if that old birthday didn't remind us each year to remind us that we are not as young as we feel, nor as old."

Her philosophy is profound. The fact that one's years shocked her, that we are too old to do things, perhaps, on the piano; too old to play the "Sonata" on the piano; too old to dance, or go bowling or swim, or do things. We are trapped by always

I don't lose them, but if I do
be those who adore Marilyn Monroe."

By J. W. RICHARDSON

"I'm no Marilyn Monroe," said Deborah Kerr. "But I wish I were."

Miss Kerr, her customarily red-gold hair bleached to a topaz blonde for her super-sexy role of *Karen Holmes*, the captain's wife who carries on a love affair with the sergeant (*Burt Lancaster*) in "From Here To Eternity," tucked her shorts-clad legs under her on the davenport of her Columbia Studio dressing room and sat tailor-fashion, grinning impishly.

"This is my first undress role," she elaborated, in a quiet, precise British accent which she was being coached to lose for the part. "And I wish I were Marilyn Monroe because I'd love to be able to get off the wonderful repartee that's always credited to her, on the subject of sex."

"When I was first announced for this part, people I've known for years picked up their morning papers, read the item, gasped and stared at each other, then exclaimed, 'WELL! What Do You Know? SHE'S ALIVE!'"

"Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons and some of my other old friends came to me and said, 'Thank goodness you got it. You're young and you're fun and you're not too bad to look at, and you've played duchess roles for long enough. Now you can show them that there is blood in your veins.'"

"BUT ALL I could think of was the remark my mother made after I received an Academy Award nomination for the role of a drunken old woman in 'Edward, My Son.'"

"'I'm sure, dear, it's very good *acting*,' Mother remarked, 'but I don't like to see you like that.' And I'm sure if Mother were alive today, that's the sort of thing she would say about this part, too."

"But I need it, to give me a complete new outlook on my future."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)



As the very sexy *Karen Holmes* in "From Here To Eternity," Deborah has affair with Burt Lancaster.



Deborah was fearful of what hubby Tony Bartley would say, but he thought it was a wonderful idea.

THE DUCHESS DISROBES!

DEBORAH KERR, ALWAYS CONSIDERED COLD AND ALOOF, SHOWS 'EM WHAT SHE'S REALLY MADE OF





One Widmark rule for marital bliss is that the wife take care of children. Ann, 7, isn't turned over to a nurse.



Dick and his wife, Jean (*with Jan Sterling*), have learned that annoying habits must be faced with great tolerance.

10 ways to make happiness last...

Dick has evolved a set of rules in 10 idyllic years of building a successful marriage

By RICHARD WIDMARK

THIS is no marriage counselor giving out with the wisdom. This is only one guy's opinion. As such, my ideas about how to make a marriage last are based only on what has worked for me in ten years of a happy married life.

It's been said before, so I won't be accused of being original, that the first part of marriage is the toughest. Once the flush of romance begins to settle into a more realistic state, suddenly all kinds of little personal habits become rather trying. It's only the dreamer who expects those traits to change completely. Like my wife Jean's little habit of leaving

her nightgown piled on the bathroom floor. So I make an issue about it—and for a while it disappears. But before long it's back—as charming as ever.

Then there's my idiosyncrasy, among others, of hating to get up in the morning. I can remember when we were first married how Jean tried to look attractive at breakfast just to please me. She had several nice brunch coats, so she tells me, but I never noticed them because when I did get up I always had to rush right out without even a cup of coffee. She used to fix me a nice breakfast too, but she soon got accustomed to the idea that the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)

NEVER DOES JANE FROMAN INDULGE IN SELF-PITY, FOR SHE'S FOUND THAT EVEN OUT OF TRAGEDY CAN

The Lesson To Learn From



The hopeful lyrics of "I Believe" have become Jane's theme and credo.



Jane entertains servicemen twice a week on CBS-TV's "U.S.A. Canteen."

WHEN Jane Froman sings the words of her theme song, "I Believe," on CBS-TV's "U.S.A. Canteen," you know it's Jane's heart singing. Remember the opening words: "I believe for every drop of rain that falls, a flower grows; I believe that in the darkest night a candle glows . . ." They do something to you, don't they, those words? And no heart has a better right than Jane's to sing them.

For Jane, this year seemed, at its beginning, a promise that her long travail was ended. Ten years after the Clipper crash, after the twenty-five operations and the anguish of body and mind caused by them, she was well again. Except for a brace on one leg which in no way handicaps her, even for dancing (*as you who have watched her on television know*) the so-nearly fatal accident might never have been. Pain, so much pain, appears to have left the lustrous dark hair more lustrous, the blue eyes bluer and brighter, the rich soprano voice richer, and more emotionally stirring, than ever before.

WE WERE talking, Jane and I, in the beautiful, high-ceilinged library of the house-that-Jane-bought, the tall, old brownstone on East 93rd Street in New York which Jane and her husband, Captain John Burn call—and have made—a home. As I looked at her, seated on an old Victorian sofa, wearing scarlet slacks and royal-blue jacket, vivid as a painting, I thought that now, at last, Jane can turn away, can dance away if it pleases her fancy, from the dark memory of all those painful yesterdays.

She can. And she does.

She said: "Looking forward instead of looking back on airplane accidents and how I got through twenty-five operations (*I got so bored with it!*) is why I love this year so much. Now it's today that matters, and tomorrow. Now it's vital. Now it's *new!* Now, no one else is playing Jane Froman. Jane Froman is playing Jane Froman, and loving it! Oh, it's fun to get working again! A new show twice every week. Two sponsors who think you're all right! Wonderful to get involved in a current activity; to tackle problems, for there are always problems, but *current* problems, not going back. It's fun to have arguments, rhubarbs, about scripts, about the career . . .

IT'S FUN, it's wonderful fun, and it's something deeper than fun, for John and me to have our own home. Fun to look for, and find the things, the old things we love and want for it . . . the six perfect Queen Anne dining-room chairs I discovered only last week; the Queen Anne secretary, our greatest treasure; this little and very old Victorian sofa; the red damask draperies . . . Fun to look forward to what we may find, as we cruise around New England in the car, next week, the week after next . . . Fun, too, planning for our Summer vacation and *great* fun looking forward to September and TV again!

"Forward," Jane said, and laughed, "so forward-looking had I become, and wanted to become, that my eyes seemed focused and permanently fixed on tomorrow and the day after to-

COME SOME GOOD

By GLADYS HALL

Jane...

morrow and the day after that.

"Until the trial—until my case against Pan-American Airways, which had been in the courts for ten years before the lawyers could get it before a jury, came to trial. Then, in that courtroom I was obliged, against my will, to look back again. For me, it was pretty grim. I'd got over the shock of the crash. I'd got over, and past, the ordeal of the operations. But during the trial my doctors, of necessity, took the stand. The reports of my nurses (*covering ten years*) were read into the testimony. Every X-ray I'd had made was exhibited for all eyes, including my own, to see. As the evidence of what I'd undergone and survived was (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)



Jane hopes that her legal fight against the airlines will benefit other people.



Her leg brace is the only reminder to Jane and her husband, John Burn, of the near-fatal crash.



What next for Jackie Gleason? Could he be thinking of trying "Hamlet" now that he's made such a hit as a dramatic actor?



Before Arthur Godfrey repaired to a hospital for hip surgery he was commissioned Honorary Captain by Eastern Air Lines.

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

LISTENING IN ON THE LATEST VIDEO NEWS—WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES IN TELEVISION

By MAGGI McNELLIS

WHETHER or not it's true that all funnymen aspire to play "Hamlet," they certainly seem to want to go "straight" once in a while. And Jackie Gleason's just done it for the first time, and to great acclaim, with his appearance in "The Laugh Maker" on Studio One. CBS-TV's "Mr. Saturday Night" portrayed a comic who skyrocketed to fame in television, a role which must have seemed familiar to Jackie. I think Gleason proves that all fine comedians have a tinge of sorrow in their tomfoolery. The tragedies in his own early life have given him an insight into characterization that is reflected in the comedy gems which prove so delightful to his admirers. When Jackie was three, his fourteen-year-old brother died. When

he was eight his father mysteriously disappeared, never to be found or heard from again. At the age of sixteen his mother died, and several years later he had to eke out a living by working as a barker in a carnival, daredevil driver in an auto circus and exhibition diver in a water follies. Fifteen years ago his night club salary was \$75.00 a week. His was the rugged path to show-business stardom. Since his recent success on Studio One, intimates of "Mr. Saturday Night" predict he'll try more straight dramatic roles in the future, and find himself in a class with Charles Laughton, Spencer Tracy and Fredric March.

If Garry Moore takes to talking about Thomas Garrison Morfit on his

telecast and insists this "old pal" of his was a real great guy, be advised the comedian is talking about himself. He adopted the new moniker in Chicago a dozen years ago when a Pittsburgh woman won \$100.00 in a name contest sponsored by Garry.

Celeste Holm's contract with NBC-TV will give her an opportunity to display the full range of her abilities as dramatic actress, singer and comedienne. The former "Oklahoma!" star, who won an Academy Oscar for her performance in "Gentlemen's Agreement," is one of the few actresses ever to be nominated three straight years for an Academy Award. After winning her golden statuette for her first dramatic picture, "Gentlemen's Agree-



Dinah Shore, soon to celebrate a reunion with Eddie Cantor, dines with her husband George Montgomery at the Stork Club.



It's a moot point whether it's a guy named Thomas G. Morfit or Morgan, the basset hound, who is Garry Moore's best pal.

ment," in 1948, she was nominated again in 1949 for "Come To The Stable" and in 1950 for "All About Eve." Scenes from all three films will be used during the "Celeste Holm Show" in addition to musical comedy numbers she made famous in "Oklahoma!" and "Bloomer Girl" on the Broadway stage.

ALTHOUGH the financial terms of Bob Hope's General Foods TV program scheduled for 1953-1954 have not been disclosed (he will be assigned

10 shows), intimates claim "he'll earn dollar-for-dollar with Milton Berle on one of TV's biggest contracts." Incidentally, Bob told Herb Shriner he could speak French, not fluently, but just enough to have his face slapped.

She won't know it until she reads it here, but Mindy Carson, the "Club Embassy" star, is due for a birthday surprise that should well bowl her over. It's no secret that Mindy was born in New York City on July 16, 1927. The 26-year-old song stylist will

have to lug home a twenty-six pound box of Rosemarie de Paris candies this year, gift of the confectionary company she once worked for. (At the tender age of 18, Mindy was assistant sales manager in the wholesale department of the firm. She left the concern several years later to begin her singing career.) The Carson candy gift package will undoubtedly be shared by the entire "Club Embassy" staff, including NBC ushers whom Mindy champions in singing auditions with her bosses. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



Clifton Fadiman and Sam Levenson know it's all an act with George S. Kaufman.



Maggi and little Meg Newhouse, all dolled up in mother-daughter costumes.



Eddie Jackson and Jimmy Durante, get ready for new season on All-Star Revue.



All kinds of supplies for kitchens, from new graters to gleaming pots and pans, are sold at GRANT Stores.



Colorful cottons, corduroys, taffetas and velveteens for those who like to sew are available at GREEN'S.

SCREENLAND VARIETY VALUES

SAVINGS IN THE DIME STORE

By Marcia Moore

If you like to browse, you can have a lot of fun and save more than pennies in your neighborhood Variety Store

MIDGE WARE is shown here spending a profitable afternoon shopping. She found it is no exaggeration to say that you can buy everything "from soup to nuts" in Variety Stores. Note the talking parrot sold at GRANT'S Store in New York City. There are outstanding buys in jewelry, hosiery, yard goods and as for kitchen necessities—all the latest gadgets and well-known brands can be found in these stores. And more than one budget-wise mother has discovered the cute clothes for the little ones and the wide selection of toys and games to amuse the whole family. Attractive and talented Midge, this month's shopper, has been appearing in the Broadway play, "The Fifth Season."



For the amateur artist, complete painting kits with outline drawing to be colored. About \$1 at KRESS.



Tropical fish, pet supplies, canaries, parakeets and a real talking parrot are sold in large GRANT Stores.



Wanted for good grooming, polished nails. Midge makes a selection of Cutex colors at H. L. GREEN.



Glassware for every table, every drink. In simulated crystal, colorful patterns. At S. H. KRESS Stores.



Pretty ABC's



By Marcia Moore

Lovely Dorothy Parkinson, NBC-TV actress, models low-cut "V-Ette," white broadcloth bra priced at \$2.50. Top sketch: "Blossom Out," a nylon sheer with beauty-mark insert. \$3.50. Shown below: "Her Secret," with built-in foam rubber inserts to supplement the small bustline. In embossed cotton. \$5. Whirlpool bras are Hollywood-Maxwell designs.



IS BEING SEXY ENOUGH?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

play "Anne Of The Indies," she prowled around the lot in blue jeans and all but hurdled fire hydrants and small cars in a subtle attempt to prove herself. "However, in all honesty," Jean quipped, "I think I got that part because, to show the agility necessary for the role, I threatened to throw George Jessel in the air and whirl him over my head."

Fortunately for Jean, her roles have been so varied, she can almost always be herself without adverse criticism. "I love a flashy, sexy role—when it's in character," says Jean. "But to be built purely as a Sex Queen can be dynamite to a career. One star I know is a fine actress, but the public won't accept her in anything except a tight sweater and an invitation on her lips. This can be tragic for a career that has much more to offer. It's also murder on a private life. The public expects sexation stars always to be breathing heavily towards some tall, dark, and handsome male in the popular night spots. Actually, a lot of the girls just really aren't the type—except on film—but they can't be caught in a pair of blue jeans washing their own cars."

As Jean sees it, too much emphasis on sex can hurt an actress. She finds herself taking too much time to be sexy and not enough for acting. Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck and Bette Davis are perennially popular because they act first and use sex only when needed. And that's the way Jean would like to be.

A sharp gal knows when to retreat from sex appeal. "In 'Niagara,'" Jean recalls, "I took one look at the script, inspected Marilyn Monroe's wardrobe, buttoned up my blouse to the chin, and concentrated on my acting." On the other hand, in her new picture, "Vicki," Jean has a chance to be very feminine and wear lovely clothes. It's a wonderful switch from "Pick Up." There is sex appeal in both roles, yet in entirely different ways.

Jean doesn't believe in pretense—and to her a false use of sex is pretense. "Actually, many men are afraid of women," she says, "so in self-defense they fall into a pattern of first things first. That is—greeting gals by pitching a pass. I think most men would like to be natural and not make like an eager beaver, but the coy look complete with an off-the-waist sweater could give even Mortimer Snerd the feeling that the girl isn't wanting to sit before the fire and read! Yet, this same gal will be hurt and furious when that Romeo takes his cue from her and pitches a pass."

In Hollywood, Jean is considered something of an oddity because she refuses to be something she's not. "I guess like attracts like because the men I date accept and seem to enjoy the same type things," she says. "I prefer baseball to night clubs, a quiet dinner at home to opening nights, and naturalness above everything. I'm prejudiced, of course,

but I feel most men are a little relieved to find their date open and honest and with a healthy respect for genuineness in a girl.

"Every healthy American girl has sex appeal—because she's a female. Not every one may stop traffic on Fifth Avenue, but each has it. Used properly, it's a wonderful asset. Used improperly, it's cheap.

"Putting sex in its proper place will avoid mistaking sex for overwhelming love. Love must surely stem from a deep and lasting desire to love, not just to receive love. To love means a lot more than sex. It means consideration, kindness, happiness in giving, and respect for the other person.

"Too many girls seem to confuse feminine charm and femininity with sex. Charm will hide a multitude of physical deficiencies. Charm will endure even though the figure does not continue forever to be the body beautiful.

"In my business, charm is the quality that will allow an actress gracefully to cross the bar from ingenue to character acting and take her ever-lovin' fan club with her. For charm doesn't fade with the years—it increases. It's the small print clause in a contract like money in the bank."

Femininity, Jean thinks, is also very important. She and her mother have been on their own since Jean was ten, when her father died. "In a completely feminine household, you learn to do all things for yourself," Jean admitted. "It has made me too independent and aggressive. That's a bad combination and I'm trying to do something about it.

"My career has also had much to do with my being a positive individual. As an actress you have to be determined and drive yourself. It's difficult to turn those impulses off when you clock out at the studio. Because of my background and my career, I consciously make an effort to accentuate the feminine. I think a lot of career girls unconsciously take the other tack. Overcome with their success in competing with males in business, they lose their once pretty little heads when they compete for the most important business of all—love. Too often they give their date the uncomfortable feeling he's out with one of the boys."

Of course, it's the accepted thing to regard actresses as aggressive, but before you think they're difficult and hard to handle, count to ten. An actress is told what and how to do all day long. Told about the most feminine things. She may hate her hair in an up-do—ye old hair creator at ye old studio says "Up." She may detest princess style clothes, but ye old dress designer decided princess for the entire picture. She may hate red hair, but she wears it three months for Technicolor. The only things she has for her own are personality and acting—and sometimes these are changed for a part.



Jean Peters is one of the most practical-minded actresses in Hollywood.

So you can understand the temptation to be a dictator on the home front—or a sudden furious revolt at the color of the hair.

"I remember a perfectly beautiful hat that LeMaire designed for me for a picture," Jean chuckled. "I loved that crazy thing. Everyone loved it—except one important person. So during 'Vicki' I dragged it in again and everybody thought it divine, but it was turned down once so it couldn't be used. Things like that become an obsession. I'm going to buy that hat. It's the kind of hat that will please my kind of man."

What is Jean's kind of man? He's one who thinks well-dressed women should leave something to the imagination. He wants what most men want. A woman he can be proud of and who will be proud of him—at all times and loudly. A woman who will look to him for major decisions and yet get her own way with subtle dignity and leave him his. He wants a woman who is gay and loves fun without being a prude or uncomfortable to live with. Jean's ideal male is one who expects a woman to behave unpredictably at times—but always in good taste. He wants a woman with his interest first in her heart—even to the ability to look concerned when he sneezes. And most of all, he wants a woman with that elusive feminine glow called sex appeal that allows him to feel flattered when he looks at her.

"My kind of man," Jean concluded, "expects all those things because he'd know that sex appeal isn't everything. And we find what we're really looking for. I want my man to baby me, not as a movie star, but as a woman. He'd love me in spite of my faults. He'd want me with all of my idiosyncracies. He'd love and cherish me when I am most difficult. He'd respect my rights as an individual up to a point and then he'd clobber me with his male prerogative. And if there were children, he'd expect me never to put the children before him in importance and to build his beloved male ego 'til death do us part.

"No, sex appeal can never be enough; you can't win with it alone. But mix appeal with genuine love and affection and understanding, and you have a lasting formula for happiness."

END

COOLING



Pat Crowley soon to be seen in "Forever Female," Paramount film.



Pat keeps cool indoors, relies on Gaby Suntan Lotion for protection outdoors.

It's as easy as falling off a log to look cool and collected if you don't have anything to do but sit under a tree and relax. The trouble is, most of us can't spend the Summer in that idyllic state of suspended animation. That's why we asked Paramount's young (19, to be exact) Pat Crowley to help us help you work out some new short-cuts to hot weather glamour. Pat, you see, is a new recruit to the ranks of Hollywood bachelor girls. This means that in addition to her work at the studio she has the domestic routine involved in caring for her own apartment. It's a full schedule that allows such irregular snatches of free time for any outdoor sports and sunning that

When you don't have a portable or a built-in air-conditioner

to save your Summer glamour, take heart, there are other ways to defy that

soaring thermometer and help you to raise your beauty-rating at the same time

SYSTEMS

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM



Pat does household chores in shorts and cotton shirts; likes to do work barefoot.



Green vegetables, salads, fruits make Pat's lunch menus ideal for Summer.



Colognes and toilet water will be valued pick-up if you keep them in refrigerator.

Pat considers her suntan lotion the most basic prop in her whole campaign for cool beauty. By never letting herself get a sunburn she avoids that greatest heater-upper of all. Being a "copy cat" in this case is one of the smartest things that you can do—pleasant too, when you can get all the protection you need from a greaseless preparation like Gaby Suntan Lotion. The Gaby formula lets you build up a wonderful tan, of course; it just won't let you burn. Armed, like Pat, with your own supply of this glamour-insurance for sun-swept hours outdoors, the remaining problem is how to keep cool indoors. Pat has a system.

"The first thing that I do when I get up in the morning is to close all the

Venetian blinds," explained Pat. "No sun gets in that way," she went on, "so the apartment can't heat up too much during the day. Then, instead of taking my shower before I get dressed, I just pop into a cool cotton shirt and a pair of shorts and get busy with the dusting."

THIS comfortable minimum of clothing is, quite literally, all that Pat wears while she's doing her chores. She likes to go barefoot and does. Whether she's aware of it or not, this is a common-sense procedure for both health and beauty. The clothes you wear in hot weather have a great deal to do with the amount of fatigue you feel—and going barefoot

is also one of the best ways of helping yourself to a lovelier pair of feet!

When the apartment has been completely groomed, Pat gets busy on grooming herself. This is the moment that she chooses for her tub or shower. Never letting the water run any hotter than a kindly lukewarm temperature, she gets full cleansing potentialities from her bathing but avoids inducing excessive perspiration. When you follow her system, you might give yourself an extra bonus of cooling by rinsing in water that runs progressively cooler. Remember too, to dry yourself gently—don't work yourself into a lather all over again. Complete the drying process by sprinkling (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

RECORD ROUNDUP

By DON BELL

(M. C. "Don Bell Show," "Don Bell Matinee," "Don Bell Revue"
KRNT, Iowa



THERE isn't a more genial disc jockey than Don Bell, who was a newspaperman, then band leader before entering radio 12 years ago. Now 35, Don is married and the father of six children. Making people happy is his hobby. He has run many contests on his programs, but his most successful was a Smile Contest on WJW in Cleveland in which he chased every sourpuss clear out of town. Here's Don's list of the best recordings of the month for moviegoers:

Tops In Movie Music

BING CROSBY'S "There's Music In You," from "Main Street To Broadway," and "I Love My Baby" for Decca . . . "Anna," from film of same name, and "The Call Of The Faraway Hills" by Victor Young for Decca . . . "Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo" and "Lili And The Puppets," from "Lili," by Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer for MGM . . . "Ruby," from film of same name, and "Palladium Party" by Harry James for Columbia . . . "Take The High Ground," from film of same name, and "Triumphal March," from "Quo Vadis," by Johnny Green and Miklos Rosza for MGM . . . "The Song From Moulin Rouge," from "Moulin Rouge," and "Many Are The Times" by Buddy De Franco for MGM

. . . Freddy Martin's "There's Music In You," from "Main Street To Broadway," and "Featherfoot" for Victor . . . Barbara Ruick's "Chi-Li, Chi-Li, Chi-Li," from "Dream Wife," and "Now That I'm In Love" for MGM . . . Donald O'Connor's "I'm Walking Behind You" and "Crash" for Decca . . . "Come Back Little Sheba" and "Ask Her While You're Dancing" by Johnny Prophet for Coral . . . Gordon MacRae's "C'est Magnifique" and "Hom-in' Time" for Capitol . . . Percy Faith's "Song From Moulin Rouge" and "Swedish Rhapsody" for Columbia . . .

Other Toppers

JERRY VALE'S "For Me" and "Tired Of Dreaming" for Columbia . . . Kay Starr's "Half A Photograph" and "Allez-Vous-En" for Capitol . . . "Tell Us Where The Good Times Are" and "There's Nothing As Sweet As My Baby" by Mindy Carson and Guy Mitchell for Columbia . . . "Little Josey" and "Dennis The Menace" by Rosemary Clooney and Jimmy Boyd for Columbia . . . Fran Warren's "A Puppet On A String" and "I Challenge You" for MGM . . . Nat King Cole's "I Am In Love" and "My Flaming Heart" for Capitol . . . Ray Anthony's "Thunderbird" and "Piccadilly Circus" for Capitol . . . Lu Ann Simms' "I Wouldn't Want It Any Other Way" and "Hand-Me-Down Heart" for Columbia . . . Buddy Morrow's "I Wonder Why" and "Heap Big Beat" for Victor . . . "Don't Ever Cry" and "You're Mine, My Love" by Bob Santa Maria for MGM . . . Rosemary Clooney and Marlene Dietrich dueting "Dot's Nice—Donna Fight" and "It's The Same" for Columbia . . . Eddy Howard's "Broken Wings" and "Say You're Mine Again" for Mercury . . . Frankie Laine's "Ramblin' Man" and "I Let Her Go" for Columbia . . . Jimmy Palmer's "Never, Never, Never" and "Somebody Stole My Gal" for Mercury . . . "All Night Long" and "Frenesi" for Coral . . . Eugenie Baird's "Why Should I Want You" and "Be Good To Yourself" for Vinrob . . .

Grab Bag

NOEL COWARD FAVORITES" album by Paul Britten for MGM . . . "If I Had A Golden Umbrella" and "Say Si Si" by the Cloverleaves and Art Mooney's Little Band . . . "Don't You Care" and "Too Late Now" by The Three Dons and Ginny Greer . . . Frank Murphy's "Our Song" and "What Can I Do" for Okeh . . . "The Wedding Album" by Richard Ellsasser for MGM . . . Art Waner's "Dancing At The Latin Quarter" album for MGM . . . "Uska Dara" and "Cocoanuts" by Eydie Gorme for Coral . . . Red Buttons' "The Ho Ho Song" and "Strange Things Are Happening" for Columbia . . . Ralph Marterie's "Go Away" and "Crazy" for Mercury . . .

END

HOW ENDURING IS YOUNG LOVE?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

The real answer is that only the young stars themselves can make their marriages succeed or fail. More often than not, however, they get off to a false start, and are not always to blame.

Far too frequently, parents of the young star either do not have the control over their child, or the mature mentality, to prevent an unfortunate or hasty marriage. What about Liz Taylor's family allowing her to marry Nicky Hilton, who was so wrong for her? Nor is it any secret that Ava Gardner's family and Lana Turner's mother could have done something towards preventing their many experiences of early, ill-fated weddings.

There are, if you listen to the experts, several sorts of young marriages in Hollywood.

"For instance," reveals a renowned Hollywood psychologist, "there is the marriage of youth which was an accomplished fact before one or the other partner became successful. There have been many cases in which the one who was not the success couldn't take it—couldn't take the independence and the money which replaced cozy togetherness and affection. Or where one partner couldn't cope with the increased social status."

Dale Robertson and his wife and the Donald O'Connors are but two examples of the sense this eminent psychologist makes. The women in these cases rebelled against the inroads that their husbands' careers made in their own personal, domestic lives. And to this writer, in New York, Dale admitted, "I don't know what my career is likely to do to our marriage. What's more, I don't know how to avoid what it's going to do. It's a hard thing—when you've got to decide between being only an actor or only a husband."

Donald O'Connor was even more to the point. "Jealousy is a sickness," he says. "Getting married doesn't cure it. If anything, it makes it worse."

Probably that is one of the best reasons why so many Hollywood marriages fail. When there is an unevenness in earning power, popularity, in accomplishments, there is bound to be jealousy, envy, a gnawing fear that half of the union is failing, the other half succeeding.

One young actor who prefers not to be identified told this writer recently over luncheon at Danny's Hideaway, "I know I'm neglecting B . . . but what can I do? We want kids, we want a happy married life, and most of all we want security. There may have to be a little famine before the deluge—when it comes to my all-out, 24-hour a day devotion to my wife, and the recognition of my duties as a husband. But, hell, a guy's got to work, too!"

Bitter bugaboo to the bliss of many happy, early marriages of the stars, the

principals agree, is "insufficient acquaintance." Among many others, both Terry Moore and Mona Freeman are quick to admit that their marriages didn't have a chance because neither girl really had enough time to get to know the man she married.

On the other side of the ledger is the harmonious, well-coordinated marriage of Jane Russell, who somehow has worked out a happy life with the boy she loved in high school, and who despite all her glamour, is quite content with him. You never even hear a rumor that she is getting a divorce.

There is little Joan Evans, whose parents exercised enough authority over her to make her take time to consider before she married at the age of 18. Her understanding and popular parents are two talented writers, Dale Eunson and Katharine Albert. And the former told this writer:

"Of course, we won't stand in the way of what Joan thinks is her real happiness. But a youngster of 18 is like a high-powered car, and it's useless on the road to anywhere—especially marriage—if there aren't any brakes." Joan's parents put their feet down just long enough to insure a safe journey for their adored youngster.

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis are another couple that can bear a little analysis. While—as with almost all Hollywood's married couples—there are underground hints that things could be better with them, it seems that Cupid is still master of the situation. Why? Because they have stated repeatedly that they put themselves through a sort of testing period for nearly a year before they finally decided to go ahead with marriage.

"Knowing each other well, first, was the best insurance we could take out for the future," they will tell you. And so far, it looks as if the idea worked out.

And Jane Powell had certainly known Geary Steffen quite a while. But the latest news is that, in this case, the marriage isn't working out too well. One of their closest friends says, "Geary is over-jealous. He is so devoted to Jane that the protection often becomes a burden. She is on a concert tour and he drops out of the blue, takes one look at her face and says, 'Oh, honey, you're overworking. You're pale and thin. You've got to rest.'"

Then, so the story goes, without further consideration of Jane Powell and her important commitments, he goes off into another room, grabs the phone and makes many changes in his wife's program. Press interviews are cancelled, dates are re-routed, and new reservations are made—for a plane going back to Hollywood, and more rest for Jane.

"It isn't always easy for Jane," says this friend, "to get Geary to undo some of the things he does without her consent. As an artist, she knows that you can't just go back on your word, even if your health is in the balance. Jane is the kind of girl who will go until she drops—and Geary can't see that, won't stand for it. Hence the disagreements that



Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, together in "Houdini," have withstood rumors.

everybody who knows both of them hopes won't lead to anything too serious."

Paradoxically, there seems to be quite a vogue for romances between young love on the one hand, and experience on the other. There's Oona O'Neill, who married Charlie Chaplin, and who has grown from a teenager to a mature and handsome woman . . . a wife who is willing to share her husband's exile from her native land.

There is Pier Angeli, who chooses Kirk Douglas, and Rosemary Clooney, who is in love with Jose Ferrer. Piper Laurie is taking time out to think over a husband, but hopes he will be Producer Leonard Goldstein—a man 28 years her senior. This writer has known Leonard (and his twin brother Bob) for over a quarter of a century, and there couldn't be a nicer guy!

If there's a moral, perhaps it's that many girls in Hollywood will do better with older men. A good number of "young love" marriages fail because the young star must become mature and responsible in a hurry, and because the partner cannot mature and develop at the same pace. This was definitely the basic flaw in Mona Freeman's marriage and she, too, if you believe everything you hear, is turning to an older man in Bing Crosby.

No matter which way you slice it, Hollywood is rough on love—real love. Day in and day out, it's full of lying gossip, tales of reported tiffs and public scenes—anything for the sake of news, and everything normal magnified out of all reason and given the most fantastic

publicity. Rare is the marriage that can survive the battering Hollywood gives some of its families. Few people, if you listen to the incessant and cruel grapevine, are so saintly that there is never a moment when something can't be misinterpreted.

Yet, curiously enough, many of the young stars go overboard in trying to keep up with what is expected of them—only to regret it afterwards, when it is too late. Few are as sensible as Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh who state flatly that they do not make such huge salaries as people think, and therefore don't intend to live up to every cent.

Close and warm family ties may not insure a perfect marriage, but they can be an inducement. Youngsters like Debbie Reynolds, Debra Paget, and Pier Angeli have much to be thankful for that they are so close to home, and able to get advice from the source that counts most.

"When the young stars have a normal life with their relatives," says a well-known marriage counsellor, "obey the normal rules of the family, and once home from the studio regain the sense of normal living, the future looms bright and encouraging. Instead of being fast-paced the progress to the altar is steady and sure.

"To these girls, marriage can come on the same basis as to girls everywhere—with a wise period of courtship and getting to know each other. They'll have time, and the opportunity, to listen to experienced older people willing and anxious to point out the problems of a star married to a non-professional, or the perils of two acting careers in one family!"

Nowadays, every marriage in Hollywood seems to start out with a rash of newspaper and magazine articles proclaiming, "Our love is different. It will last!!!" After which, the pattern repeats itself.

But is Hollywood life so different from life anywhere else? What are the statistics on divorce for the various age groups? Are there more divorces when the couples married very young? Are there fewer divorces when only one is young and the other is ten years or more older?

These are questions the movie industry has always asked itself, with little enthusiasm for what the answers might be. Chances are, young love doesn't easily endure anywhere in life.

It doesn't endure, unless it is based on a greater maturity than one usually finds in these marriages. Or unless, through wise older guidance, the young love has fastened on the person who—young or not—possesses the necessary basic qualities of character and temperament to complement the other.

When love flies in the window, sense and judgment—of which the younger generation hasn't developed much, anyway—flies out the door! When Hollywood learns to keep that door closed, young love among the up-and-coming stars will have a better chance to endure and flourish.

MY REASONS FOR NOT MARRYING

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

and each other too. It was terribly important not to make a mistake.

"Our careers weren't too firmly established. At least, I know mine wasn't. There were automatic signals of insecurity surrounding us. So we finally realized we still had to grow up in several directions and we both had personal responsibilities to meet. The possibility that an early marriage might impede the progress of our careers certainly did present itself. Last but not least, building us up as they were, our individual studios hoped we'd remain single.

"Being a beginner in pictures, I lacked the self-confidence I feel today. So, summing it all up, I would say that I wasn't ready for marriage. Allowing those fan letters to prey on my mind was just one more indication. Vera and I have remained the best of friends, which proves our decision to call off our engagement was based on mutual understanding, agreement and a sincere consideration for each other."

Nearly five years have passed. During the interim Rock Hudson's come of age and today, replacing emotional block and reticence, he has a natural flow of charm. His is now a relaxed, easier acceptance of life, which is the heritage of the experienced. Reminiscent of Gary Cooper during the embryonic stage of his colorful career, Rock's rough edges are smoothing off. Careerwise there's a promise of fulfillment that can only carry him to the summits of success.

One situation, however (*one strategic situation for the local lassies!*), remains unchanged. Rock Hudson is still a bachelor, albeit, so eligible it baffles the experts that he's managed this modern miracle. Of course, it's so simple to Rock, he just quietly grins and allows speculation to set in where it may. Pressed to the point, he proves he has the situation well in hand by coming up with all the answers. The right answers.

"Good advice never hurt anyone. So I've listened to my studio, my agents, my friends, my fans, older and more experienced stars I've worked with, even a former school teacher who still has my interests at heart. At first, it was pretty confusing, as you may well believe, because their points of view were so diversified.

"They can't all be right—or wrong, I finally told myself. So I had to make up my own mind. For example, some of my well-intentioned fans still believe that marriage will hurt my career. Yet people like Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis are surviving well. I'm sure Ann Blyth, now that she's married, will continue to be popular at the box-office. Then there's the opposite point of view and those that have it are equally adamant.

"A story appeared in a national magazine in which I was quoted as saying I thought marriage was bad for an actor's career. What I actually said was, marriage to the *wrong* girl was bad for a career. By 'wrong' girl, I meant one who

couldn't or wouldn't understand that actors are different from the average fellows. Not better—different. The very nature of their work creates problems in marriage that don't normally exist. There are endless exceptions.

"Who did I think I was, letters asked. Who was I to act so hard to get. What was so special about me. If they chose to misunderstand, I just couldn't take them seriously. I might have a few years ago, but not today. I still say I'd hate to marry a girl who was unsympathetic to an actor's problems. It would reflect on my work, I know. So I'm instinctively cautious."

While Rock sticks to his stout stand, he admits his resistance weakens on occasion. Such a one occurred recently when U-I gave him that extended vacation. "The Golden Blade" and "Back To God's Country" were completed. Rock was about to take off in his car for far-away places. Wrapping newspaper around his riding boots as he packed, a picture attracted his attention. Smoothing the wrinkled page out before him, as he gazed at Maureen O'Sullivan Farrow and her seven children—he all but flipped!

"Maybe it's because I am an only child," Rock reflects, "but I want lots of kids and want them while I'm still young enough to grow along with them. When I saw those seven wonderful Farrow children, I felt like cancelling my vacation plans and calling up a marriage service bureau!"

Yes, that's the way Rock felt when he saw that picture. That *isn't* the way he felt a few hours later! By that time he was behind the wheel of his big car and thrilled with the thought that the world was his big fat oyster! You see, while he is a sentimental softy, there's another side to his nature which Rock recognizes and respects. It's his strong, practical side, serving as a barometer and asserting itself at a time most needed.

When he drives and especially when he takes long trips, Rock realizes, he catches up with himself. This is when he does his "serious" thinking. As Hollywood disappeared behind him, his soliloquy went something like this:

"Now look ol' boy, about this marriage business. The truth is and you know it—there isn't any one particular girl right now who you'd like to marry. Yes, you delight in dating beautiful dolls, but you refuse to get married for selfish reasons. You know as you get older you're becoming more of a homebody. Oh yes, you've been going to a lot of parties recently, but you weren't kidding yourself. You didn't enjoy them too much. When you drove home alone that's when you wished there were someone sitting beside you, to sort of hash over the evening.

"Another thing, up until recently when there was some small crisis you could talk it over with your family. Of course, you still can as far as they are concerned, but you're a big boy now. You'd like to



Rock Hudson rests on location in France for adventurous "Sea Devils."

share with just one person—the one person. It would be pretty exciting making plans for those kids, too. But wait a minute. Let's not lose our head! With your eyes wide open you're dreaming, Bub. How about a quick gander at the opposite side, the realistic side of the picture?

"Supposing you *were* married now, with a family well on the way. You couldn't be taking this trip, driving all night which you love and sleeping in motels by day. You couldn't do what you want to do when you want to do it. You do like your freedom, remember? Bachelors get pretty spoiled of course, but you've had an awful lot of fun. Think it over, chum.

"If you get married you'll sure have to mend your ways. You know how women are, they love to be told they look nice, they love little attentions. You're thoughtful, but why are you so shy about expressing your feelings? What would happen when you have a bone to pick, as everyone does. Would you get it out of your system? You would *not*! You'd stew for a week maybe, keeping it inside. Then you'd come out with it. Brother, you'd be murder to live with!

"While you take three showers daily, you're not too neat around the house. All right, so you're lazy! How many times have you told yourself—why put the tooth paste cap back on? You only have to take it off again. You're a clothes-dropper, remember? Suppose you married a girl who wasn't a picker-upper! You get so impatient, too. Why you'd rather go without an outside pocket handkerchief than fold it properly. You couldn't get away with that, friend."

"Remember that certain actress you met recently? Really thought you were falling for her, didn't you? Then she showed up reeking of Jungle Gardenia perfume and the stuff nearly asphyxiated you. You thought, she'd probably be the kind of wife who spends hours in front of her mirror, while you get dressed in nothing flat. The waiting would drive you nuts! How about that other gal, the one you liked a lot—until she took the initiative and pursued you. When the little woman (*you should pardon the expression!*) tries to wear the pants, you lose interest. You hate the aggressive type."

"So, let's face it. Here's what the situation is today. You really want someone to come home to, but you're afraid of making a mistake. You'll never marry with the idea that you can always get

a divorce if it doesn't work out. You wish you had time and opportunity to meet other than actresses, not that you object to marrying a career woman. But it would be kind of cozy if she just happened to be the loving-hands-at-home-type. As for marriage slowing down your career, could be. But that's a chance you'll have to take. When the right opportunity lifts its beautiful head, you'll manage somehow. This you believe with all your heart."

Yes, the future will tell. If Rock weren't as indecisive about marriage as he is at this particular period, he would be an exception, indeed! In the meantime, here's a switch. Rock will never be able to say he ain't been asked!

Recently, Rock received two fan letters. The first from a grandmother in Brooklyn who wanted him for a grandson so badly, she offered to bop her granddaughter and make her marry him! The second was from a fourteen-year-old girl in Tennessee, who wrote:

"No one knows I'm writing this letter, so please keep it a secret. My parents just got a divorce and I want you to be my new father. Will you please ask my mother to marry you? I am enclosing a picture of her in a—Bikini bathing suit!"

No, neither enclosed two dollars for the license!

END

THE TRAGIC CURSE ON MARTIN AND LEWIS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

idea of it, I know. I can hear Jerry screaming now, "What is *Pagliacci*?" And Dean coming right up with an answer. "How do I know? That's one Italian dish my mom never cooked."

But don't let them fool you, even though they did have Hollywood fooled for a much longer time than that hep town is usually taken in by anyone. For at first, none of the people who knew them, even their closest friends, looked beyond their crazy antics that were as joyously unrestrained away from the camera and microphones as they were in the hurly-burly of their performances. To all of us, Dean Martin was the free and easy relaxed guy and Jerry Lewis the same fabulous wit offstage that he was on.

They were different, we thought then, from all the other comedians we had known. They were not like Bob Hope and Eddie Cantor and Fred Allen worrying themselves and their writers sick as they worked for hours on the wording or timing of a gag that would have to be followed by a still better one if they hoped to keep their Hooper or box-office rating. They weren't like Lou Costello, dragging with him any place a camera or a microphone didn't demand all his onstage hilarity, the nagging worry of his many illnesses and the terrible memory of his small son drowned in the swimming pool that had once been the proud symbol of his success. They weren't the way we remembered W. C. Fields, always with a glass in his hand and a bottle to fill it, bitter and caustic

and always ready with words that looked so funny when they were printed, as his epigrams always were, but that only managed to sound frightening when that burr in his voice made you recognize them for the insults he meant them to be. No, Jerry and Dean weren't like them at all. They were so happy and gay it made you feel wonderful just to be with them.

Even when it began to be noised around

Hollywood that Jerry had insisted on a "time out for nervous breakdown" clause in the new Martin and Lewis television and radio contract, a lot of people thought it was a publicity gimmick, and others laughed taking it as just another of his gags. But Jerry wasn't kidding. It's there in black and white and it calls for seven weeks out of every year of that fabulous eight million dollar deal. But nervous breakdowns, you say, for a guy like Jerry who hasn't a trouble in the world? Don't be silly! He has already had six nervous breakdowns and his family and doctors and friends are once again begging him to take it easy before he reaches another breaking point.

There are his accidents, too. Other people can cross against the lights at Sunset and Vine and nothing happens but a screaming of brakes and a blaring of horns. But Jerry just has to get on a scooter, for fun, and he lands in the hospital. That wasn't the first accident either. There was the time his ankles tangled in a rope at the end of a comedy routine and the other when he missed a handstand in the act and ended up with a slight concussion, just to mention a couple of them.

He kids about them, sure. But Jerry is a worrier at heart and you can be sure he isn't laughing inside. He worries about Dean, too, for he loves that guy right next to his family. And the only time he is ever caught with his gags down is when Dean is in trouble.

And trouble has come to be Dean's middle name, as he'll tell you himself, laughing of course. But is he really? Laughing, I mean. There was that time he was involved in such a maze of lawsuits that it almost looked as if his finances would never be straightened out again. Then came real trouble when his second marriage broke up. But now he and his wife are reconciled and awaiting a second visit from the stork.

He loves that pretty Jeanie of his and he's crazy about his kids, so much so that



Frank Fontaine, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in zany scene in "Scared Stiff." These bits last but seconds on screen, but take hours to work out and perfect.

he insisted his four children by his first marriage live only three blocks away from him with their mother so that he can see them as often as possible. Of course, outwardly he still seems to be the casual guy he'd like to be, the one he used to be and is no longer. But steal a glance at his eyes sometime when he's kidding around. Look at his mouth and you'll see the tenseness he tries to hide even from himself. And he wasn't joking that time he told an old friend from Ohio he wished he had never left Steubenville. But he can't go back now or find that easy-going character he used to be.

So, they're paying the price now, Jerry and Dean, paying it in more ways than one. For it's a hard business this laugh producing industry. Some of it is physical, especially for the comedians who handle all the details of their careers as Jerry does for Martin and Lewis. Jerry even goes further than that. Plagued by insomnia he has an overwhelming respect for the healing properties of sleep. But instead of resenting Dean's gift for being able to doze off whenever the need for it overcomes him, he sees to it that his partner be allowed to relax undisturbed.

So it's always Jerry who shows up for early rehearsals, even crooning Dean's songs for him. When they're on tour he insists that all telephone calls to their hotel or theatre be routed through his room so that Dean won't be awakened if he happens to be asleep. "What's the difference," he'll tell you with one of those grimaces that somehow aren't so funny when you know something of the stress that lies behind the clowning. "I'm always awake anyhow, so why disturb Dean? He needs his rest."

But the physical strain is the least of it. It's the inward turmoil that really is the crusher. Of course, there were worries before when singly, and then later as a team, Jerry and Dean were trying to break into show business. But mixed with those worries was the excitement of trying to reach the goal they had set for themselves.

Jerry and Dean know now that no triumph is as exhilarating as the struggle to achieve it. They've learned too that looking up is far less terrifying than staring down from the dizzy heights they scaled in such an amazingly short period. For now that they can climb no further, when there is no place further to go but down, they have discovered that being tops means living with the constant fear of failure.

They've known poverty, both of them, and it's strange how most comedians have come up from homes shadowed by debts and the ever-pressing need for money. Even more amazing is the fact that so many of them are sons of fathers who were in some phase of show business themselves but never were able to climb further than the first rungs of the theatrical ladder.

Red Skelton's father was a circus clown and Mickey Rooney's dad was a burlesque comic. Young Donald O'Connor, who lost his father before he was a year old and who is losing his wife

through divorce just as he has come into real success, came from a circus family which switched to vaudeville and its up-one-week-down-the-next bookings. Chaplin's parents made a very precarious living in the dingy third-rate music halls that dotted Soho slums in London where he was brought up. And Jerry Lewis' parents followed the heart-breaking trail of the five-a-day vaudeville houses.

Jimmy Durante and W. C. Fields might as well have been stage kids themselves the way they got in the game so early. Jimmy played in all the honky tonks from the seamy end of New York's East Side to Coney Island. He didn't realize then that there was a time coming when he would gladly have given up everything he had, which was plenty, to be back there unknown and unnoticed if by going back he could find the light heart he lost when long tragic illnesses resulted in the death, not only of his wife but of his best friend and partner, Lou Clayton. Bill Fields had a harder time of it, running away from a home he never mentioned again to travel as a kid of ten in freight cars and live in packing cases down near the city slums where hobos naturally gravitated and all the time learning the deft sleight-of-hand which was to bring him fame and riches, by practicing on street corners for the pennies that made it possible for him to eat. And Dean Martin was that same sort of a restless boy, too, being everything from a croupier in a gambling joint to a prize-fighter before he settled for the crooning that brought him success only after he teamed up with Jerry.

The sameness of their beginnings is

startling, so startling that I wonder if the hex of unhappiness that has touched all of them might not be somehow involved in those early precarious days. Is it that sense of insecurity they must have known and that children privileged to lead normal childhood escape, that has stayed with them in spite of the high places they have reached, making it impossible ever to find the inward peace that alone makes for lasting happiness?

Was that the reason W. C. Fields died a lonely and embittered man? Why he hated children, not just for laughs as many thought, but so vehemently there had to be a reason for it. Does the answer lie in that precarious childhood and did he hate all children because so many of them had the happiness and security denied to him?

But of all the comedians I have ever known Fields alone was bitter. The others have gone on turning their hearts inside out for the laughter they were always able to find even when the going was the hardest, when they lost their loved ones by death or were faced with upsetting problems. They carried on uncomplainingly though plagued with illness or the tautly stretched nerves that I doubt Jerry has complained of even to Patti.

For the clown feels he never can be serious even with his friends. He must play his fool's part offstage as well as on and the luxury of tears is not for him. Maybe there is something in that old saying after all that "whom the gods love they destroy." For who could even the gods love more than the makers of laughter? END

HOW TO SPICE UP YOUR MARRIAGE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

with her; no one is certain how the nice couple came to take his place, but the Martins now have a competent man and a miracle of a cook.

"Tony thinks he should diet," she sighed, "so I go along with him, choosing his food carefully, counting up calories and so on. Then every once in a while I have the cook prepare a simply wonderful dinner that he can't resist, and he breaks down and eats it all. I'm careful to provide also whatever is on his diet, but that is ignored! Tony is easy to please, though: his idea of a marvelous meal is hamburger steak!"

Housekeeping at the Martins is often complicated, with the demands of their two careers. But Cyd wisely refuses to get ruffled. The other night they gave a party for their friends on Tony's new picture, "English Love." The idea for the party came about when Pete Rugelo, the composer and arranger on the picture, boasted, "You haven't tasted food until you've eaten my Italian specialties. People may feel this way or that way about my music, but there can be no argument about my Italian cooking. I will show you!"

The day of the party, it goes without

saying, was the day Cyd had to do three layouts of the Martins at home, plus a commercial tie-up and a special beauty shot for a magazine. She had just finished this last shot, and Pete was bustling about the Martin kitchen, when the first of the twenty guests arrived. Cyd warmly greeted her guest, encouraged Pete among his simmering pans, then slipped off to change her dress. Rejoining the party before she was missed, Cyd was as serene and unruffled as though she had luxuriated for an hour in a perfumed bath.

At Martin parties, elaborate entertainment is unnecessary. "Musical people fight for the center of the stage," Cyd pointed out. "They'll sing or play or tell stories from the minute they say 'Hello' until they wave goodbye. So restful for a hostess. I know I need never plan bridge or canasta tables, or try to think of some new game."

To any other wife, the supreme problem in the Martin household would certainly be house guests. Tony was stationed in India during the War; he has traveled and still travels much of the time, and wherever he goes he meets people. Since Tony loves everybody, he is always heartily crying: "When you're in Holly-

wood, you must come and stay with us!"

"And they always come," related Cyd, with her rare smile. "Last night when I got home from work, the cook asked: 'Did you know you have a house guest?' 'No, who is it this time?' I replied. We were busy packing for our Hawaiian trip, but I wasn't surprised. I'm used to it. I see whoever it is, give him a key to the house so he can come and go as he pleases, lend him a car and tell him to ask for anything he wants. Usually I'm working, so guests understand that they are on their own and like it that way.

"Naturally, I find out if my guest has a special diet but unless a guest is ill, he eats what is on the table; we always have good meals and a nice variety.

"Tony was in New York on a singing engagement when his great friends, the Maharajah and Maharanee of Jaipur, arrived in Hollywood. Of course they came directly to our house, where they stayed, although their entourage put up at a hotel. I was working in 'Sombrero,' so I was not home, but they know a good many people in town. The Maharajah had some business to attend to, the Maharanee decided to take tennis lessons at a nearby club, and they both seemed thoroughly to enjoy the freedom of a hostessless home. By great good luck, Tony flew in for the cocktail party I gave for the royal couple. I meant to be there, but at the last moment I found I had to work, so my secretary asked the guests, ordered the food, saw to details and took care of emergencies, and Tony got home in time to play host."

Cyd makes it sound so easy! Tony took the smooth-running party for granted, never wondering how it came about that a houseful of important guests could enjoy it with no harried hostess hovering in the background. It is a mistake, Cyd insists, to draw any man's attention to what goes on behind the scenes.

Spice in dress is a point on which both Tony and Cyd agree. "Tony loves smart clothes. For daytime I like easy clothes, suits or things that open down the front so I can get into or out of them quickly. For evening, the more extreme the better," commented Cyd.

She chooses her own wardrobe. Only once did Tony accompany her, when shortly after they were married he took her to Bergdorf-Goodman in New York.

"When the models saw Tony, they must have passed the word along," surmised Cyd, "for all the girls began to parade, even the little stock girls who aren't supposed to wear the gowns. Tony knew something was going on and it embarrassed him; he was so rattled that whenever a model stopped before him and made her slow turn, elaborately exhibiting whatever she was wearing, he would say: 'I'll take it!' I did very well that day, but it was the last time Tony helped me shop."

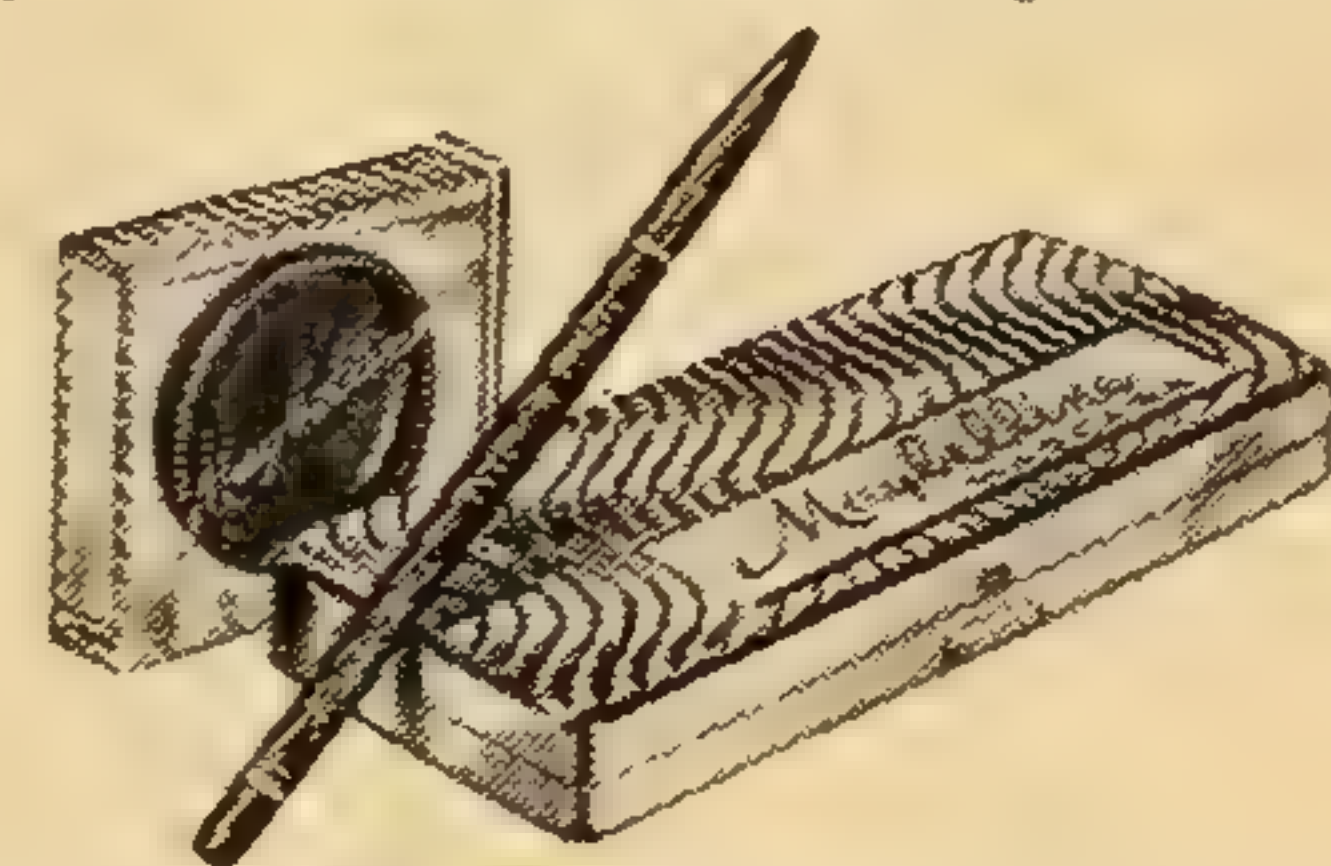
Since, as a top entertainer, night clubs are Tony's business, he doesn't welcome the idea of dressing up to go out socially on a free evening. Cyd, understanding this, never pushes him. She adores the ballet, however, and when a famous troupe came to town, she suggested attending a performance. Tony's reply was



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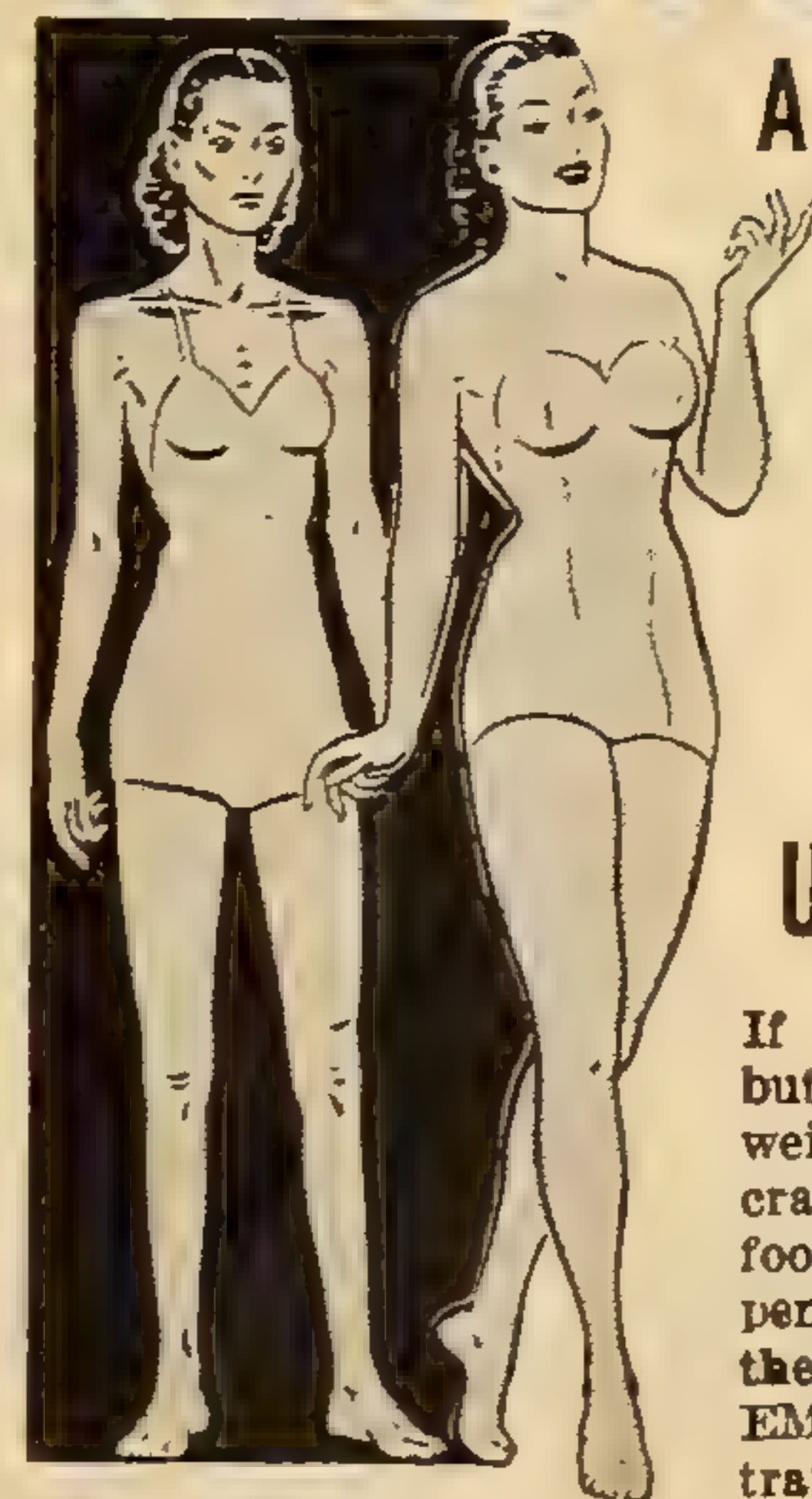
HEAR NO EVIL



Although it's wise to avoid malicious gossip, only a monkey shuts his ears to reality. And cancer is a grim reality. We must open our ears to the life-saving truths which will teach us and our neighbors the safeguards against cancer. For humanity's sake—and our own preservation—we must support the crusade against this mortal enemy of man.

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less than enthusiastic about such a plan.

"We could ask another couple to go with us," Cyd slyly offered, "then you and the man could talk on the way there and back."

That did the trick.

"Guess who he invited?" she laughed, remembering. "Leo Durocher! Can you imagine Leo at the ballet? Laraine and I loved it, of course, and later Tony told me he thoroughly enjoyed himself because Leo was excruciating!"

Tony's notion of fun is sports—baseball, football, fights, tennis championship matches, any big sports event. "If Tony isn't working, I always know where to find him: call up the Hillcrest Country Club! I had never seen a ball game until after we were married, then Tony took me and explained each play; now I can enjoy them with him. I can't go often, because of my work, but I listen to his description afterward. He likes that."

It's wise to marry your opposite, Cyd believes, for then you complement one another. Tony loves people, likes crowds, is never happier than when in the midst of many friends. Cyd, although she loves dancing and some few outdoor sports, enjoys quiet. One gives in to the other, and life is nicely balanced. Now they are off to Honolulu for their first real vacation together in five years of married

life, for this is the first time they've been free at the same time. "One had to sit on the sidelines watching while the other worked," said Cyd. "Now we have a whole month together—" crossing her beautiful fingers— "except for a few singing dates for Tony. He's terribly tired; instead of flying over, we're taking the boat so he can rest. He's the type who likes to sit and sun himself with a crossword puzzle. I enjoy sunbathing, too, but I can take or leave a crossword puzzle. I love to swim. I learned to water-ski last Summer, and I want to learn to surf-ride, or even to aquaplane, if that is possible. Fortunately, we enjoy watching each other have fun."

Cyd believes that any marriage that is broken must have shown signs of wear along the way. The time to pick up those threads is when the first one pulls out. "Constant worry will wear out any such thread. I never worry unless one of the children (*the Martins have two sons, Tony, Jr. not yet three, and Nicky, Cyd's boy by a former marriage, age ten*) is ill. I'd worry about Tony, if he were ever ill, of course, but anything less than those calamities isn't worth the effort."

Serenely she goes along, smoothing life's way; only once in a while there's a waft of spice in the air. Things look brighter. People whisper: "Cyd Charisse I wonder ?" END

Particularly her weakness for silly little hats, which she herself made. This, more than anything else, got young Miss Caron into the most uncomfortable situations.

At the Convent de L'Assumption, for instance, students wore a prescribed uniform—a navy blue sailor girl dress with pleated skirt, and a matching beret. Imagine the Sister's shock when among forty-five girls in her class, forty-four wore sailor hats, while the forty-fifth—Leslie, who else?—came to school in a dashing little red and white checkered bonnet. As a result, she was banned from the ten-minute morning recreational games for a week—to show that neither vanity nor disobedience would be tolerated in the convent.

As could be expected, at first Leslie built up a certain amount of resentment against her new environment. It wasn't easy to get used to the discipline, the uniformity, the long working hours—every day from eight to twelve in the morning, from two to five in the afternoon, with plenty of homework to keep oneself busy during the evenings.

Yet, what Leslie objected to during her youth, she learned to appreciate when she'd grown up. Her training paid ample dividends. It helped her to get adjusted to the many problems she faced in later years, to get along with people, even further her career.

However, her transition from the sheltered convent life to the exciting existence of a ballet dancer was so abrupt that it didn't come about without a severe shock—which almost ended her career before it really started, and nearly sent her back to the protective walls of the convent.

Artists, generally, live more carefree lives than any other group of people. But even among artists, ballet dancers stand out as a group all their own, whose easy-goingness is traditional. Due to their work, they are constantly either all the way up, or all the way down emotionally. A bad performance, and half the cast will be in tears. A good critique, and their happiness knows no bounds.

I WAS A CONVENT GIRL . . .

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

upbringing in a convent school would be the best, the only solution for her tomboyish daughter.

While other girls her age had played house, hopscotch, or jumped rope, Leslie chased cars, swung from trees or went on the warpath—in the French version of an American Sioux—terrorizing the neighborhood in her own little ways.

In America, this sort of tomboyishness may be considered "cute" and within limits, condoned by the public at large. Not in France, however, where proper behavior for young ladies is prescribed by strict etiquette—and this doesn't include war games and the like.

From the time she was eight until she was graduated, Leslie attended a variety of convents and parochial schools—first L'Ecole in La Rue des Dames, till she turned ten. During the German invasion of France, her parents sent her to the St. Jean de Lug convent, near the famous resort town of Biarritz, on the Bay of Biscay. Then back to Paris and the Convent de L'Assumption and finally the parochial school in the Rue de Lubeck, near L'Eville.

Different in names and location only, the life in these convents and parochial schools was very much the same. It was based on strict discipline, insistence on good manners and rigid concentration on learning.

Punishment even for minor misdemeanors was swift. Offenses such as forgetting to curtsy to a Sister, not getting

up quickly enough when the teacher came into the room, or, as happened more than once to Leslie, letting vanity get the upper hand, quickly placed one in the "punishment seat" in front of the class, or eliminated the offender from the two daily recreational exercises.

Leslie's own love for pretty clothes somewhat contradicted her tomboyishness.



Leslie Caron clowning with her husband, George Hormel Jr., at recent premiere. She attracted much praise and prestige, won honors at the Cannes Film Festival.

Leslie joined the ballet shortly before they went on a tour of the provinces. Training was hard and intense, and by the time they gave their first performance in Lyons, the ballet master, the choreographer and the members of the ballet would hardly say hello to each other anymore. Little misunderstanding turned into major disagreements, and emotional outbursts were as common as tourjetes and pirouettes.

Leslie, absorbed in her new work, her surroundings, the people she met and the places she visited, was first startled and then depressed, by the tensions and supposed conflicts she saw mounting around her. Then came opening night—a glorious success—and, to celebrate, a completely gay and happy party afterward. Gone were all signs of discord.

She soon came to realize that frayed tempers were to be expected in the hard-working days of rehearsals, among people whose careers put them in a world all their own. But, her first experiences with the tensions bound to be a part of the creative development of a ballet, all but sent her running. And had she gone, neither the citizens of France nor American audiences would have heard of Leslie Caron.

It was lucky for Leslie that she was taken under the wing of the ballerina Nathalie Philippart, daughter of the Mayor of Bordeaux. Nathalie became mother, sister, adviser and confidante. Under her watchful eyes, the transition from convent to ballet became more gradual, more cushioned, more acceptable to Leslie.

Today, thinking back on her training in the convent and parochial schools, Leslie can at last appreciate the many benefits of her early upbringing. In little things, in big things, her thinking and actions are influenced by the teachings of the Sisters who didn't train her to be a good ballet dancer, but who instilled in Leslie the knowledge that the prime function of a woman is to become a good mother and a perfect lady.

Modesty, which annoyed the young Leslie of the Convent de L'Assumption, today puts her in good standing in Hollywood. She has already earned a reputation for being one of the most lady-like young actresses in the movie capital.

Whereas a few years ago she thought it smart to go to school in a flashy little bonnet when the rest of her class wore sailor hats, today she wouldn't think of being seen outside her house without gloves.

Sometimes this gets her into rather peculiar situations. . .

A few weeks ago, while completing a painting she'd started at the Palos Verdes Art School, she suddenly craved a chocolate ice cream soda and headed for Schwab's Drug Store, a few minutes drive from Leslie's Laurel Canyon home.

Ten minutes later, the soda jerk at Schwab's—who thought he'd seen everything Hollywood had to offer—did a double take when he saw the petite French actress walk over to the fountain, dressed in an old blouse, pedal pushers, play shoes—and a pair of white gloves!

There are other traits deeply embedded in Leslie's conscience. The long, intense study hours at the convent make anything her studio demands from the young actress look like child's play. While many other stars may regard their working schedule as rigid—early hours, constant rehearsals, wardrobe changes and interviews—to Leslie, movie work such as she is currently doing in "Two Girls From Bordeaux," is like a perpetual vacation which leaves her ample time to go after all her beloved avocations—from painting to bathing her dogs.

In her relationships to studio officials, reporters and the public, Leslie's natural politeness, a direct result of the curtsies of former days, is a definite asset.

Another advantage of her convent-day schooling is the practical things she's learned: cooking, sewing, embroidery, keeping house.

Geordie Hormel, Leslie's husband, says that she's never bought a dress which compares with the clothes she herself designed and sewed. Her embroideries have won praise at many Hollywood parties, and her knowledge of materials has already saved the young couple a pretty penny.

What Leslie learned in the convent is today of utmost importance to her, to Geordie, to the family they hope to have. It gave her an aim in life, a pillar to lean on in trying times. It taught her that material things are only temporary, it trained her to concentrate on values which are far longer lasting, and much more gratifying.

Looking back at her early life today, Leslie Caron no longer minds the curtsies, the front seats in classes, the uniforms and strict conformance to rules. She is glad she was a convent girl, for the experience gave her a happy, gratifying attitude toward life.

END

THE CRITICS BE DAMNED!

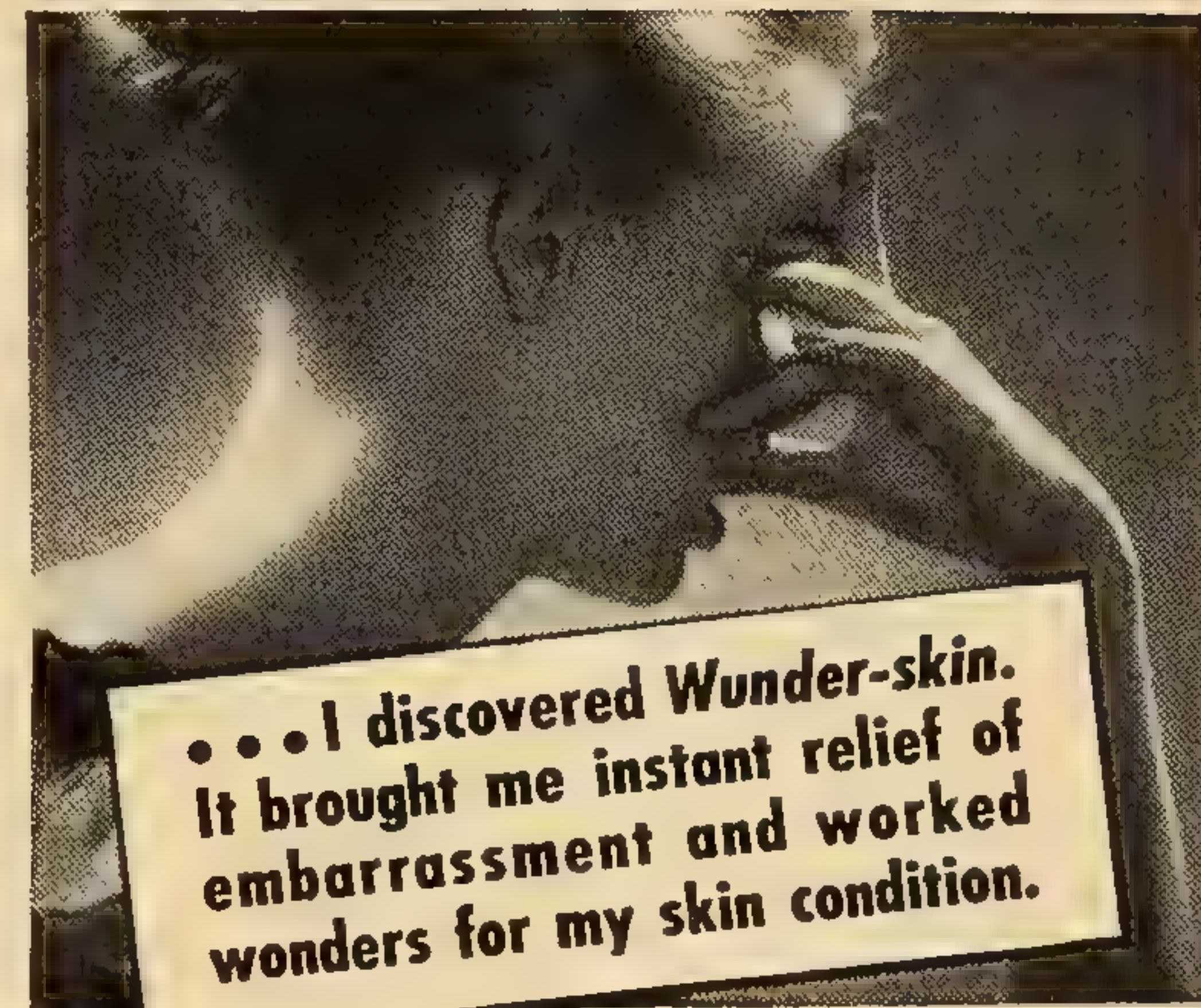
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Verily, the youthful and uninhibited team of Leigh and Curtis has certainly given their movie public its money's worth. But another question poses itself. Having gotten the fans interested, agog, tongue-hanging-out for the next chance to see them in a film—has it perhaps been a disappointment to find that, after all, they are just another pair of young aspiring actors struggling to reach the top?

In Hollywood, the thought of most people is whether the film and personal union of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis will ever be able to live down the avalanche of publicity they have been accorded—by their very eagerness to be a party to the fantastic campaign.

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One irate magazine editor made this tabulation when a slew of new material reached his desk (*Leigh and Curtis catching fish off the island of Catalina*) and asked acidly, "Say, doesn't anyone live out in California except these two? What-ever happened to the rest of the movie colony? An earthquake or something?"

In the present Hollywood crisis—with contracts being cancelled, options overlooked, players and technical staff alike being laid off the payroll wholesale—it will be interesting to see what will happen to the Leigh-Curtis partnership.

In the opinion of many, and despite this rash of homey publicity, neither Janet Leigh nor Tony Curtis have hit top box-office with the moviegoing public. There is even fear—at Janet's home studio—that all this publicity may have boomeranged, topped by rumors that her next option may be dropped. As for Tony Curtis, there is no question but that for the loyal, hypo'd support of his wife, his own career would not have progressed as

smoothly as it has up to the present.

One of Hollywood's press photographers, who has had a hand in staging many of the intimate layouts of the Curtises at home, has this to say: "Behind all these photographic shots, these publicity blurbs, lies sincerity. Janet and Tony are madly, deeply in love, and wholeheartedly one for the other, a mutual admiration society. Their feeling is that, if they love life, their careers, and one another—why shouldn't the world know about it—with all the trimmings."

But no matter how you look at it, it is the trimmings that seem to be getting their critics down. All this stuff of looking at one another goo-goo eyed over a frying pan, Tony battling with the fastening on her petticoat, Janet brushing her teeth in the bathroom mirror while her husband devotedly holds a glass of water, a towel and the tube of toothpaste.

How far can it go? Too far, warn the critics.

Only time will tell.

END

JOHN'S INCURABLE COMPLEX

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

meaning "the snub-nosed one")—every "reasonable" chance of a property settlement, and she had turned them all down.

Meanwhile, the actor is much in the company of Pilar Palette, Peruvian actress.

Hollywood is asking: "Will Pilar be No. 3?"

At last reports the Lima beauty is now definitely the girl in John Wayne's life.

Pilar recently divorced Richard Weldy, an executive with a South American airline in Peru. Since winning her decree, she has visited various Hollywood night clubs in Wayne's company.

What is the absorbing fascination Latin-American women have for Wayne is a question that justifiably is puzzling U.S.A. girls.

"What," ask the latter, have the below-the-Rio-Grande girls got that bowls him over so consistently?"

North-of-the-border women believe they have just as much charm, warmth and dark good looks as their sisters to the South.

Wayne, one of the more discreet and diplomatic actors, has vouchsafed no answer. Perhaps he finds in the Latin-Americans an irresistible blend of raven black hair, eyes like midnight pools, vibrant radiance, keen intelligence and sympathetic understanding.

Certainly, the objects of his affections cannot be termed obvious types of equatorial sirens. None of the actor's *senoritas* has been of the sinuously sultry mold. Indeed, none of them has ever displayed any of the outward fripperies of sexiness.

The film star was married to Josephine Saenz in June, 1933. He was 26 years old, and well established on his fabulous screen career. Josephine was 22.

Scene of the ceremony was the Hollywood home of film star Loretta Young,

and Miss Young served as Josephine's matron of honor.

With her quick smile, her animation, and her charming sense of enjoyment, Josephine adapted herself easily to Hollywood life. For the first few years they were contented.

But despite their pleasant domesticity, blessed by four children, Josephine wanted her husband to give more attention to the film town's social activities. Wayne, however, preferred to spend a large part of his time with his male companions.

All the time he continued to profess that women were a mystery to him—their ideas about life, their clothes, their customs.

In May, 1943, after nearly ten years of marriage, John Wayne and his beautiful and popular Josephine separated. A year and a half later they were divorced, the actor not contesting the action.

They had been considered an ideal

couple and one of the happiest families in the film colony. Apparently, in their case, as in many others, money and worldwide fame brought only heartaches.

Josephine charged that John's numerous activities kept him away from home at odd hours, and she told the court of discovering a woman's cloak, not her own, in his automobile after the actor's return from a popular resort.

She was given custody of the children—Michael, Toni, Patrick and Melinda, ranging in age from nine to three years. But Wayne was allowed to see the children whenever he liked and to take them when he liked.

They accompanied him, indeed, to Ireland in 1951 when he co-starred with Maureen O'Hara in "The Quiet Man." He even induced his good friend, Director John Ford, to give them small parts as Irish youngsters.

The resemblance between Josephine and Wayne's second wife, Esperanza Baur, was not confined to their Latin-American origin.

John and Esperanza were married on January 17, 1946, in the United Presbyterian Church in Long Beach, California. He was then 38, and she 24. It was the second time she had become a Mrs. Morrison. Esperanza was divorced in 1941 from Eugene Morrison, a Mexico City student.

She was well-known in the South-of-the-border film world, having co-starred in Mexico with the popular Arturo De Cordova in "The Count Of Monte Cristo."

It was in the Mexican capital that Wayne met Esperanza. It was love at first sight for both of them. After their marriage she discovered, like Josephine, that the actor's studio commitments kept him busy.

He was making four or five pictures a year for three different studios—RKO, Warner Bros., and Republic—and he also had business dealings with numerous individuals of the motion picture world.

"My husband," Esperanza said, "is one of the few persons who is always interested in his business. He talks of it constantly. When he reads, it's scripts. Our dinner guests always talk business. And he spends all his time working, discussing or planning pictures."

Yet Wayne called Esperanza "under-



John Wayne and his attorney, Frank Belcher, during alimony squabble in Los Angeles court. The outcome doesn't seem to disturb John's happy-heartedness.

standing." He once declared that she knew "how miserable I was when I wasn't working," and she never complained when he spent most of his time at his studio.

"After all, I was making more pictures than any other actor," he said. He added that his wife "doesn't like to get dressed up any more than I do."

On January 17, 1952, the sixth anniversary of their marriage, Wayne announced "with regrets" that he and Esperanza had separated.

There was a brief reconciliation, but on May 7, 1952, she left him for good.

A stormy court battle followed.

Last September both filed divorce actions. It was a spirited race as to who would get to the court first with the papers. Esperanza won, her attorney reaching the Santa Monica court 40 minutes ahead of the time Wayne's lawyer arrived at the Los Angeles court.

She charged the actor with physical and mental cruelty. Wayne, in turn, accused her of general cruelty.

Esperanza asked for a receiver in order to tie up her husband's complicated business enterprises. She listed more than 100 corporations and individuals with whom he had business associations, and asserted that he earned at least \$500,000 a year through these sources.

Among the individuals named were Red Skelton, Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, John Ford, and Bo Roos, Wayne's business manager.

Esperanza also stated Wayne possessed \$1,000,000 in property, and she demanded a "fair division" of this. She declared they lived on a scale of \$13,000 a month, or more than \$150,000 a year.

The actor was resolved "not to give in" to his wife's demands.

Since the bust-up of their marriage, John Wayne has reportedly been seeing his first wife socially. Hollywood friends were hoping it meant a reconciliation.

However, remarriage with Josephine is out of the question, according to Wayne. "Too much has happened," he said.

Wayne was only six years old when his family moved to California from Iowa. As he grew older he became known to his pals as Duke Morrison. It sounded much better than Marion Morrison which his parents had named him.

A high school football star, Duke won a scholarship to the University of Southern California. It proved a lucky break for him. It led directly to the movies.

It was Ford who plucked the powerful 215-pound youth from the USC team to be a studio property man. He was just another muscle man, however. He had more ambitious ideas. His opportunity came one day when he volunteered as a stunt man for an ocean picture. His exploit of simulating a sailor emerging from the water as if escaping from a torpedo tube of a submarine impressed Ford. He was given other small acting jobs.

Ford recommended Duke to Director Raoul Walsh, and after a few dramatic lessons he was assigned to a pretentious Western, "The Big Trail."

But Walsh had one demurrer. He told young Morrison he could not have a

name that "sounds like a girl's," referring to Marion. So the director changed the name to John Wayne.

The ex-football star was on his way.

Then one day his great friend and benefactor, Ford, sent for Wayne. He wanted him for the lead in a big Western called "Stagecoach." It was the chance of a lifetime.

The production and the performance paid off. It set Wayne firmly on the High Road.

In his first year in the movies he made eight pictures, and he learned early that his most valuable screen asset was his resourcefulness in word or deed. He was ready to get rough on a second's notice if occasion arose. He also talked, as Hemingway might say, "low and strong and true."

Meanwhile, he built up a huge following with men and women and children.

John Wayne reached the film peaks in 1950 when he was named the top money-maker among all screen stars. In the last three years he has surpassed Bing Crosby and Martin and Lewis in box-office popularity.

One rule he has rigidly clung to. He will drop everything at any time to work for John Ford. Wayne was busy with other plans when Ford wanted him for the leading male role in "The Quiet Man." He abandoned his projects and hurried to Ford.

When Ford won the Academy Award of 1952 for his direction of "The Quiet Man," the happiest man in Hollywood was Wayne.

In his screen career Wayne has made 150 pictures, the majority of them box-office clicks.

He admits he could never have been the type of actor he is had he not lived most of his boyhood on a ranch near the Mojave Desert where he learned to ride and swim and take care of livestock.

He has never lost his love for outdoor life. He enjoys most taking his 17-year-old son, Michael, on hunting and fishing trips.

"I enjoy working," he said. "I like to ride, and I guess I've worn every uniform known to this country in one picture or another."

But though he insists that Josephine and Esperanza are "understanding" women, he still maintains the social life is not for him.

He hates parties, and he agrees he used to give his first wife—and Esperanza, too—a hard time when he pal'd around in old clothes, talking over big film plans with his male friends.

However, he learned that his success in "Two Jims," "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon," "Flying Leathernecks," "Operation Pacific," "Trouble Along The Way," and other pictures, plus the many bids from the studios and the big money did not spell happiness.

Not even John Ford could patch up Wayne's marital troubles.

Hollywood, ever looking for signs, believes that his recent picture, "The Sun Shines Bright," was a symbol of promise.

It is inclined to think John Wayne may yet find the romantic happiness that thus far has eluded him in his marriages. END

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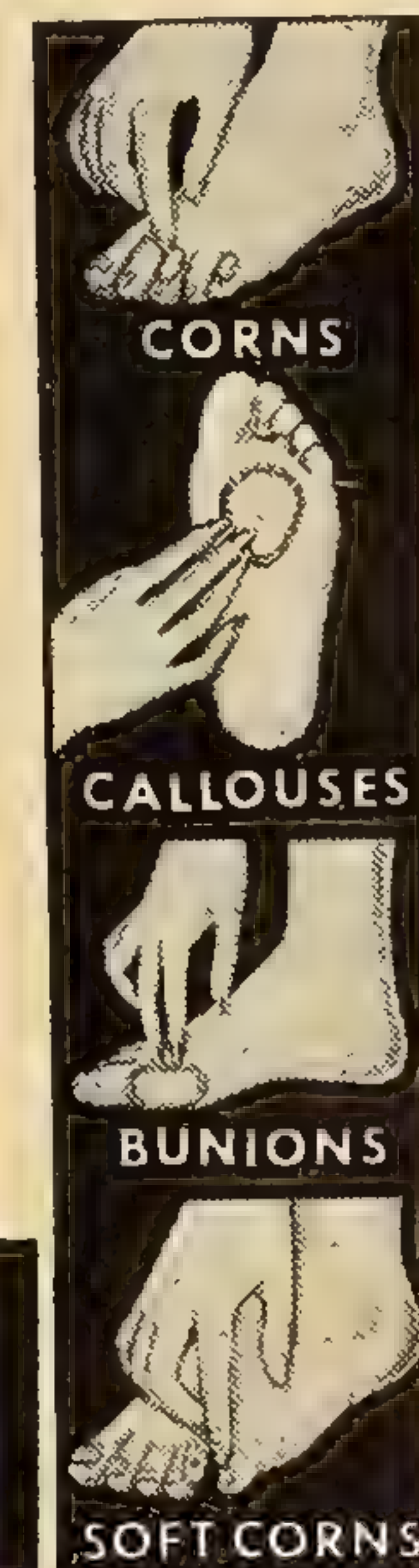
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BIRTHDAYS? I'M AGIN 'EM!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

thinking about how we're growing older.

"If we could only forget these years that we've lived," continued Doris, "and only remember there are so many things still to be accomplished, we would remain young in our hearts. Our enthusiasm for living would keep us happy and healthy. Why worry about the past? Why worry eternally about the future? Live today, and do the best you can in every way you can!"

Doris, exuberant and vitally alive, is the best exponent of the ideas she so strongly believes in.

"I never have to be reminded that today is my husband's birthday, and that I must dash madly into the stores and get him a tie or a sweater or a shirt so he'll know that I know it's his birthday. This is just silly. Why must I wait for some special day to buy a present for Marty? I don't, believe me. As far as I'm concerned any time I see something that I think Marty would like, I go in and buy it. I'm always bringing home a present for him! And he's always buying me a present which I love of course . . . because his taste is flawless, for one thing . . . for another it's nice to know that he has me on his mind. You should see all the things he buys . . . a compact to carry in my new evening bag . . . a blue cashmere sweater he thinks matches a certain color blue in my eyes . . . a jewelled belt which has intrigued him . . . a tiny handkerchief . . . and no matter what the actual value of the gift, it's exciting to receive these things because I know how busy Marty is and appreciate he has taken the time to get them. But I wouldn't feel that way if he came home loaded with presents because it was my birthday and then forgot about it promptly until another year rolled around! I tell you, birthdays are an outmoded custom. They've got to go!"

"Perhaps we females over 18 could get together and petition Congress to pass a law . . . NO MORE BIRTHDAYS!"

"And then no woman would have to lie about her age and they wouldn't need psychiatrists to banish their frustrations. They could be free and happy as birds. They'd never be hemmed in by 'years.' They'd have no fear of getting old!"

"Fear is such a destructive thing. No one can be happy who has 'fear' in his heart. Fear is the greatest handicap to a rich full life. I know that everyone cannot be courageous, that he can't go out and slay the dragon, but I wish people would only have a little more faith in themselves and in their friends and in their God. If they tried to make 'Today' important and didn't throw themselves in a panic of fear with a hundred foolish worries that were never a solution to any problem. Now let's talk about *your* birthday."

"You've talked me out of ever having birthdays again," I answered. "As of today, Doris, I'm giving my birthday to the little boy who lives next door to me! I never want to have it again! I'll tell him that when he gets to be 18, he must give the birthday I gave to him to some other

little boy. He may not know what I'm talking about—but I will — And next week, I'm taking my first skiing lesson! I'd always thought I was too old to begin that sport!"

"There is so much around us," Doris declared, "to bring us contentment if only we didn't put a price on everything . . . a monetary price!"

One has but to look in her Springtime kind of face to know definitely that her values will never change in spite of her enormous success which has not only brought her fame, but fortune, as well. She is aware that "the price of everything and the value of nothing" is an empty kind of philosophy, but the kind too often practiced.

"There is nothing so wonderful," she said, "as the honest enthusiasm and affection of a child. My son, Terry, for instance, who loves everyone and everything, came home the other day from his Boy Scout meeting with stars in his eyes. 'Do you know what happened to me, today?' he asked. 'I saw an Eagle Scout. . . . a real Eagle Scout!' This was the most exciting event to Terry because he knew that to be an Eagle Scout one must have accomplished great deeds of heroism! He'll never forget it."

Incidentally, freckle-faced blond Terry is a carbon copy of his famous mother and is quite a good pianist. Doris beamed proudly discussing her young son. "You know, it's funny. Terry looks anything but a pianist. The laugh about it all is that he really plays very, very well. He is already planning to be my accompanist and does play for me sometimes. "Si-

lent Night" and other songs. You should see him sitting up there at the piano serious and proud as you please, his little boy's hands hitting all the right keys and making music."

"If we just had the sense to enjoy everything that comes along . . . to get as excited about seeing an Eagle Scout as Terry and as thrilled about playing the piano as he does—if we had the sense to be as wise and unaffected as children," I said.

"Every day is an event for Terry," Doris went on. "Whether he's playing baseball, going on a hike with his friends. You should see him when we have company. He loves it, because he just naturally loves people so much. He wants to help serve and does, too. He keeps asking my guests, 'Don't you want a drink of water or wouldn't you like some more cake?' He wants everybody to be completely happy and has all that wonderful charm of a head waiter. Wouldn't surprise me one bit if that's what he turned out to be!" she laughingly said with a light of mischief in her very blue eyes.

Getting ready to return to the set to record one of her songs for "Calamity Jane," she said, "If we just didn't worry about every little thing and didn't complicate our lives with foolish barriers. Live to the fullest today. Tomorrow is another day . . . and believe me, if we do live to the fullest today, we find we are much too busy to worry. There is no such thing as Age. The whole world lies ahead of us. We have the power to accomplish what we want to, no matter how great or how modest our ambition might be." Then she suddenly started to laugh. "Oh, my goodness . . . I'm sounding much too profound . . . and we started to talk so amusingly about not having birthdays!"

THE LESSON TO LEARN FROM JANE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

paraded before me I found myself thinking for the first time: *How did I ever get through it? Why am I here?*

"The verdict went against me. Having sued for \$2,500,000 I was awarded \$8,300 plus some extra dollars to cover 'loss of wardrobe.'" (*Loss of wardrobe—to Jane who, each of the twenty-five times she came out of an anesthetic gestured toward her leg, asking "Is it still there?"*)

"At the trial, waiting for the jury to come in I remember thinking that all I ever wanted to do in all my life was to sing a good song.

"For a couple of days after the verdict, I was crushed, absolutely crushed. But I have had so much happen to me I've learned that for every bad thing, you can find something good.

"I mean, for instance, that out of the Clipper crash and the ten years in hospitals that followed it, I came to know that you can lose legs and arms and take it, if your spirit is right.

"From my husband's crash and close shave with death in Cuba last year I

learned how very little you matter to yourself, compared with the safety of one you love.

"Just so, out of a bad verdict has come something good because a great white light has been thrown on a law that is bad, not only for me, but for every passenger who gets on an airplane for international travel either unaware (*as I was*) of the terms of the insurance, or unable to do anything about them.

"But although the verdict was morally wrong, it was within the limits of the Warsaw Convention as interpreted by the trial judge unless reversed by a higher court," Jane explained. "The limits of the Warsaw Convention expressed in dollars and cents equal about \$8300 as of now. You will find this limitation on the back of every ticket. However, in my particular case, I didn't see my ticket for the reason that we were an entertainment unit, a USO unit, and all entertainers' tickets were purchased at that time and held by the manager of USO Camp Shows.

"Furthermore, the terms of the Warsaw Convention were made when the airplane

business was new and quite small. In 1928 the United States signed the Convention. Now then, time goes on. The airplane business gets older and bigger and more important, but the insurance is not increased. It is an obsolete law, definitely out of step and out of date, but still legal. The only way to win your case according to law is to prove 'wilful misconduct' on the part of the pilot. And here's the trick: try to prove the word 'wilful.' Try to interpret it on your own behalf. The judge who tried our case interpreted the word 'wilful' to mean that the pilot *intended* to crash—which is, of course, unthinkable.

"So, the verdict went against me. The verdict which allowed me the 'legal' \$8,300 and some other dollars as compensation—which I did not accept because we are going to appeal the case. We are going to fight it for just as long as we can. It will require courage to go through it all again. It is going to cost me thousands of dollars, but you know, I'm stubborn. I'm just as 'stubborn,' Jane laughed, "as I can be! Besides, to appeal is the right thing to do. I would love to get back my doctors' bills which, including the expense of my nurses and hospital care, totalled \$350,000. But this is the least of my reasons for appealing. I can eat, I have a beautiful home, I can work and my doctor bills are paid, every last cent of 'em! But there are many injured people who are not this fortunate, this blessed. Inflation has made the amount of this recovery even more unjust. If, in appealing, we can get a bill through—if, at the least, we can call attention to the situation so that when people go out to the airports they'll look at their tickets, take out extra insurance on their own, my bad turn will have done a good turn.

"As a matter of fact Senator Brecker has introduced already a bill which will make the passage of laws of this sort more difficult. If this Brecker bill had been in force at this time, the Warsaw bill could never have gone through.

"In some measure, in good measure, it has already. Ever since the verdict mail has been pouring in. Letters from people all over the United States, who write 'We didn't know. Now we do. We are sorry that our gain comes from your loss.' The night of the verdict I couldn't sleep, so I turned on the radio and got Barry Gray just in time to hear him say, 'I want you to know that when you get on a plane for overseas your life is worth just \$8,300.' I get into cabs and the cabbies hail me, 'Hey, aren't you Jane Froman? Love you on TV. Say, wasn't that a dirty deal you got!'

"But perhaps not, perhaps not . . . it would have been so easy, I admit, to go under after the trial. So easy to think, bleakly, self-pityingly—this is the pay-off for ten years of physical, mental and financial suffering—*why? Why?* I did have, as I've mentioned, two very bad days. Then, the weekend after the trial, John and I went to, of all places, Atlantic City! We got in a chair and rolled up and down the boardwalk, ate cotton candy, peanuts, breathed in that strong sea air, didn't look at anyone (*except each other*), slept twelve hours a night

and by the time we got home, I was saying, 'I'll get this creaky old law out into the open, put my energies, channel my energies into accomplishing that and not into my sufferings, which are past!'

"John helped me. John always does. We get good and mad together then we get over it together. This was no exception. Another good thing—I was working. With eighty-five people, including the technical people and the cast on my 'U.S.A. Canteen' show depending, two nights every week, on me, I couldn't stew too much. I *had* to get back on my job, put the matter of the trial and the verdict in their proper place, turn my eyes forward again. And I did—I do.

"Looking forward I would like to go on, indefinitely, in television. I love it because its arms reach out . . . and I hope that next year 'I Believe' will be my theme song on the 'U.S.A. Canteen' show as it has been this past year. I hope that it will become an identifying trademark of a song for me as 'With A Song In My Heart' was for so long.

"I've had offers, quite a number of offers, to do musicals on Broadway. I've also been offered two plays, which pleases me very much. But until I get the right play with a real meaty part, for with the repetition a stage play requires you've got to love to do it, the answer will be 'Thank you so much, but No!' Moreover, I do not want my career to take all of my time; have organized it, in fact, so that it doesn't.

"Yes, now it's Today that matters, as I said, and Tomorrow—not going back, not even looking back except for an enforced glance, over my left shoulder, during the trial and then, very soon, eyes forward again," Jane laughed, "which proves, I hope, that when I say 'Out of every bad thing, you can find something good,' I mean it. Mind you, I think everybody has to find in himself the way to handle a problem, a grief. But the courage, the strength of people is amazing. You don't know what you can take until you are right up against it, and God never gives us, I believe, a heavier burden than we can carry. And there is always a way out, so that if you look for the way hard enough, you can find it. Even if your grief is for the loss of one you dearly love, a grief all too tragically common today, you cannot say 'I've had it. I give up.' Because of the loved one who loved you, and believed in you, *you can't do it.*

"Sounds pretty corny, perhaps," Jane smiled, "but it's true. Lots of corny things are pretty true. Such as when, coming home from Portugal after the Clipper crash, I saw the Statue of Liberty and as I looked up at her I remembered how many times I'd sung 'The Star Spangled Banner,' smiling as I sang, but that time I hummed it, being too weak to sing aloud, with tears in my eyes and in my throat and in my heart. Tears that were a kind of grateful prayer to what she stands for; tears that were a prayer to God . . .

"Yes, I believe," Jane said, her speaking voice, like her singing voice, rich and stirring, "I do believe that 'in the darkest night, a candle glows . . .'" **END**



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THE DUCHESS DISROBES!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

For anyone who has read James Jones' controversial best-seller about Army life in Honolulu just prior to Pearl Harbor, the character of *Karen Holmes* will connote SEX in capital letters. Betrayed by her faithless husband (*played in the film by Philip Ober*), *Karen* turns to the sergeant (*Burt Lancaster*), whom she finds irresistibly attractive. Entering into a clandestine romance with him, she falls desperately in love.

Virtually every top feminine name in Hollywood had either been considered for the part or had openly asked for it, or both. But no one seemed to quite fill the bill. Nobody at Columbia had even considered Deborah Kerr until her agent, Bert Allenberg, came up with the idea.

"It's the sort of thing you ought to play to show them that you've got some versatility," he told her.

"But I can't imagine them even thinking of me," she told him.

Nevertheless he insisted on taking her to Columbia for an interview.

"They practically kicked me out of the office," she laughed. "But it planted the idea. Two days later they offered me the part. I immediately got the shakes at the idea of doing it, but Bert carried all before him.

"You're a bunch of so-and-so's if you don't let her play it," he had told them originally. Now he had to re-sell the idea to me. 'You know perfectly well you can do it,' he said. 'And if I hear you as much as mention again that you're afraid of it, I'll throw you right out of my office.'"

The blue-eyed, usually demure Miss Kerr thinks of herself as "a kind of meek creature" who had been typed in "duchess" roles, as her friends Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons described it, until she just expected to put on layers and layers of period costumes each time she was given a new role to play in a picture.

"To Mother, I was always 'The Prisoner Of Zenda,'" she explained. "And I suppose I got used to other people thinking of me in the same way. So eventually I was typed as a 'lady' in the worst sense, despite the fact that in England I'd played virgins, tarts, nuns, drunks, Shakespearean parts, comedy parts, old woman character parts, and even took on a heavy Swedish accent for a role in 'The Avengers.'

"But I accepted many a part which I didn't particularly care for, because I don't like to get into arguments and be difficult. Mother was a very gentle person who hated excess in anything, in the typically British conservative manner, and my brother and I were brought up in the same tradition. Mother adored Leslie Howard. To her, he was everything gentle and gentlemanly. I'm sure she would have loved to have had me appearing opposite him. But there was nothing prissy or prudish about her. When, at 17, I went off to London to play my first stage role, her friends demanded 'My dear, are you mad?'

"We shan't have to worry about Deborah," said Mother. 'She has her head screwed on the right way.'

"I like to think she would still say that, despite the reaction I'm sure she'd have to seeing me as *Karen Holmes*."

Having actually signed for the part, Deborah broke the news to husband Tony Bartley, anticipating that he might have some qualms about seeing his wife delineate a lady of somewhat questionable morals.

"Great, good, marvelous," said Tony, in the offhand British manner, and assured her that it was the best thing that had ever happened to her, career-wise.

"You won't mind my showing my legs and, er, sticking my chest out?" she persisted.

"They always looked quite all right to

me," he replied, in the gallant manner.

So Deborah re-read the book, "waded through the four-letter words," and wondered how script writer Dan Taradash would ever get his adaptation past the Johnston Office.

"As soon as I could get a copy of the script, I stayed up all night with it," she declared. "And the agonizing days I'd spent worrying about the part just melted away. Because I began to realize that *Karen Holmes* is not the biggest tart of all time. She's a tragic figure, but her sex is real, and womanly, and understandable. And I hope I can make it come across that way on the screen.

"Of course, I have a lot of fans, particularly in England, who may be greatly shocked when they see me in 'From Here To Eternity.' They write me letters that say, in effect, 'We love you because we've never seen you with a drink in your hand or a cigarette between your lips.' Well, I hope I don't lose them as fans, but if I do, perhaps I'll pick up some of the kind who adore Marilyn Monroe.

"As soon as I started work at Columbia, the nurse who takes care of our two youngsters began reading the book, and I could see her looking at me quite askance when I came home the first night. I could also practically see what she was thinking: 'I'd always thought I was being employed by a nice person. But NOW!'

"Well, I guess a single day's work at Columbia simply ruined my standing.

"But I don't regret it one ounce. My ambition is to force a charming gentleman who wrote an article about me for a London magazine, titled 'Beautiful But Dull,' to eat his words."

When Deborah was playing opposite Cary Grant last year in "Dream Wife," his customary salutation to her was "Good morning, you hideous thing," or "Hello, Ugly." Knowing that the grin on his face belied the words, his co-star soon loved to hear the expressions, but nevertheless wished that Cary could have been on the set the first time she appeared in a tight blouse and shorts for "Eternity." The wolf whistles of the crew thrilled her to the bone.

"It made me feel as if I'd arrived," she confessed.

"You see, my fans have admired me, I think, because I'm an actress—not because of my legs or (*and she slapped herself on the chest*) my, er, well, chest. Well, it's very gratifying to think that I can qualify in those departments, too, but I'd like to reassure them that I don't intend henceforth to go around taking off my clothes just to display myself. Though I suppose to be a really monumental success in Hollywood, perhaps I should."

She smiled wickedly for a moment, then as quickly frowned. "No, no. Cross out that last line. I don't mean it.

"Parts never stick to me. I don't go around playing them weeks and months after the picture's over, as some actresses do. At MGM they told me I looked like Olivia de Havilland in 'Julius Caesar.' I certainly don't look like her in this picture. Anyway, friends I haven't seen for five or ten years assure me that I haven't changed a particle when I happen to run into them again, so I guess whatever roles



Charles Laughton and Deborah Kerr in the colorful "Queen Bess." That's Stewart Granger in rear. "From Here To Eternity" is radical change for her.

I've played haven't affected me too much.

"I want to be versatile. It's fun to be versatile. But I'm a peaceful soul who doesn't like to fight to be versatile. Somehow, I had to get away from old associations to play *Karen Holmes*. I couldn't have done it at my own studio, though they've been marvelous to me there. If you don't have a very aggressive ego—and I don't—you get to feel that other people are right in believing that there are certain things you can't do. So your talent becomes lost, or drowned.

"I needed the self-confidence this role is giving me. My friends have encouraged me so much, now that I have it. I'm sure I'll never be afraid again to go out after what I want. I've never been one to fuss about the little things like the furniture in my dressing room, or whether I have the right to drive my own car onto the lot, or petty things that some actresses raise the roof about. I'm glad I saved my guns for something big. Now, when I need to, I'll use them."

Miss Kerr took the last bite of a lettuce sandwich, drank the last of a thermos bottle full of milk, closed her lunch box, stretched her bare arms, smoothed the front of her sheer blouse, brushed the crumbs off her shorts, set her red loaf-

ers firmly on the floor and took a few decisive steps up and down the room.

"I realized from the beginning," she remarked, "that I'd have to sell myself, Deborah Kerr, over and above any ability to act this part. It isn't the part about which the whole story of 'From Here To Eternity' revolves, but it is sort of the extra ounce on the scales. So I've got to give it a lot of personal vitality—oomph—whatever you want to call it. Fortunately, you can be sexy without being dirty.

"My five-year-old daughter, Melanie, who's my greatest fan, and who had been used to seeing me in the fabulous sort of costumes I wore acting *Catherine Parr*, Henry VIII's last wife, in 'Young Bess,' noticed I was coming home with bare legs, and makeup on them clear up to my thighs, and wanted to know why. I explained to her that I was playing a lady who lived in Hawaii, where people wear fewer clothes, and where they love to lie on the beach in bathing suits and get tanned.

"That satisfied her completely, and now it seems perfectly normal to her if I come home in a bathing suit, and a rather brief bathing suit at that.

"It's beginning to seem perfectly normal to me, too." END

10 WAYS TO MAKE HAPPINESS LAST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

eggs would always be cold and that I'd never eat them so she gave up. Consideration? Not exactly.

It's the enormity of little things you don't think about that can cause trouble. It's about such things that a husband and wife have to learn tolerance, to give as well as take. Certainly they need adjusting but you can't adjust them with a sledge hammer.

All of which leads to the first point on the subject: Don't try to change one another. I've heard men and women say, "When we get married, I'll see that Joe or Sue changes." That's the dynamite. This is one good way not to keep a marriage happy. It's better to learn to accept the faults and if changes are absolutely necessary, they can be brought about subtly.

I think women, especially, have a lot of fixed things in their minds about what they want to do when they get married. Most of them are too dreamy and romantic, so it's something of a struggle to get them to adjust to reality.

Probably what all this comes down to is that when you think of marriage you think of love, but you also have to like someone very much if it's to click. What better way to learn to like another than by being tolerant?

One big problem in many marriages is in-laws, which brings up point number two.

As a whole, Jean and I have been lucky in this respect, although I had a rough time with her father. You see, he was a banker, and he thought a good husband was one who worked in a bank, or was in business. Being an actor I was out-

side the pale for a long time. It wasn't until he saw that actors made money too that he began to accept me.

In-law problems seem to occur only when either partner in a marriage is tied emotionally or otherwise to a parent and still accedes to that parent's wishes. This is a lack of maturity and calls for a definite stand. Ordinarily, it's the man who is still mama's boy. Having left home early I wasn't tied to my mother. I respected her but I wasn't the possessed son. When a man and woman marry, their lives from then on are for each other. Parents must realize that and accept it. If they don't, then is the time to make the issue clear to them. This is one marital problem that can't be escaped by running away from it.

From in-laws to the "other woman" is quite a jump, but this predatory female can be a problem. From the man's viewpoint, which is naturally the egotistical one, if a wife does her job and the man his, there should be no reason for his looking around for another woman to comfort him. But there are wives who have a habit of complaining, "Oh, he's always out playing golf" or "He never pays any attention to me." All of this is said to their friends so they can get sympathy. Or they make deprecating remarks about their husbands in front of friends, knowing how much they can thereby defeat men. So who can blame a guy then for seeking understanding and greener pastures? If a home is made attractive and interesting, he's not going to want to wander.

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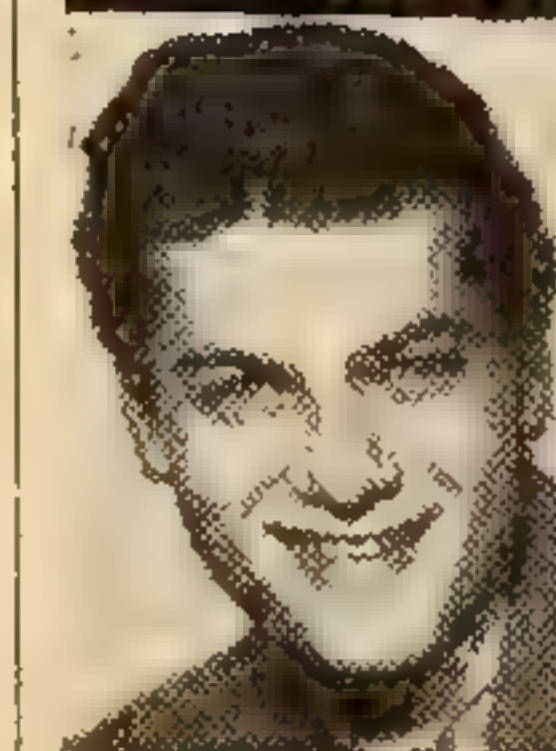
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but behind every such man there is a wife who is too self-centered to take a good look at her man—and thereby keep him home.

I hasten to add that I've never had any desire to go any place but home. It's given me all the happiness I want.

Of course, there's no problem that a sense of humor can't settle—point number four. Look what a laugh can do when there's an argument going. Now, I am not going to issue any old bromide that Jean and I never argue. Certainly we do—and frankly I believe in having arguments. It would be a false kind of relationship otherwise. It's good at times for people to shout at one another, to let it rip, to feel free. This is a lot better than going around like a martyr and holding grudges. What's worse in a marriage than frustration?

With Jean and me—and with most married couples—no one ever wins an argument. You can shout all you want and get it out of your system, but there's no real winner. I get angry at Jean because she's not as neat as I like to be. I come in the kitchen, and if she has been cooking and has spilled food around a bit, I yell at her. She'll then remind me how much she has to do, that she hates cooking, that it isn't her main talent (*she's a good writer, by the way*), and then each of us will stalk off indignantly to other parts of the house. But for a week I'll notice that Jean is neater—and I usually change habits that annoy her for about that long too. Of course, you always swear you'll never change what is causing the trouble, but some little needling of conscience makes you change. As long as you can laugh at yourself after an argument you'll alter your ways all right.

Some arguments are caused by a need for, and a lack of, personal freedom and privacy—point number five. I'm the quiet type. When I've had a hard day at the studio (*and I had more than a few while making "Destination Gobi,"*) I come home and want to say and do nothing. Often Jean feels like talking a lot since she hasn't had such a full day. It's probably not the subtlest thing for me to do, but I have at times simply said, "I don't want to talk." Jean, as a rule, realizes the mood I'm in and leaves me alone.

There are moments when I feel like sounding off—and usually at dinner. Jean manages in various and subtle ways to get me to calm down at least until after dinner.

Everyone gets in moods—and it's the wise husband or wife who has respect for the other's need for privacy, for personal freedom. I admit such moods mean you're concentrating too much on self, and self-centeredness can be bad in any marriage, but this is all still human nature. The thing to watch though, is to be sure self doesn't take over so much that possessiveness enters into the picture. No wife or husband should possess the other—freedom to be individuals is more important.

When each is allowed that necessary personal freedom the question of who is to be the boss does not arise—and that's rule number six. I don't think either the

husband or wife should be boss. In every marriage, it does seem that one is better at handling some things than the other. Besides, marriage has to be based on sharing and not on domination.

For one thing, the house is usually the wife's responsibility and it strikes this guy that the man who takes an abnormal interest in the house and who does a lot of cooking and shopping belongs to the dark ages. A little of being interested in a home is okay and if a man wants to cook occasionally, that's all right too. In fact, I enjoy cooking at times—mainly at Sunday breakfast. My specialty, if you can call it that, is thin Swedish pancakes. But I never try to take over the responsibilities of the house. That's Jean's department. And that's the way it should be.

I think almost any marriage can be kept happy if sharing is the uppermost thought in mind. After all, what is marriage anyway but a partnership?

Most married couples run into snags about finances sooner or later—and here is where sharing is important.

Jean and I know a couple who have had a happy marriage for quite some time, but recently they had financial reverses, and their lives seem to be tottering. Their case is not unique.

When Jean and I were first married we made it a point to keep a budget and stick to it. If sacrifices had to be made we made them willingly. I don't think money should upset a couple if they only remember one thing: the reason they got married in the first place and the marriage contract itself. When you paid that two dollars for the license and stood before the preacher you promised to share the troubles as well as the happiness. Maybe this is a smug attitude to take. Some may say, "Listen to him—a guy in the movies with all that dough!" But what profession a fellow may be in has nothing to do with the vows that were taken on the wedding day.

As far as the practical aspects of finances are concerned, I don't believe in a wife's and husband's having separate bank accounts. If a wife works, she should pool her money with her husband's—and yet some wives feel they must keep their earnings to assure them of independence. Independence? If they wanted that kind of independence, what did they get married for in the first place?

And that business about the wife's working brings up point eight—should she or shouldn't she?

My attitude is strictly male. I don't think she should unless there's a very real economic necessity. For the wife to work detracts too much from her relationship with her husband, and it's an especially bad thing if there are children involved. If there's anything that irks me, it's a mother who waltzes merrily off to her career and leaves her children in the care of some nurse.

The working wife or mother too easily falls into the habit of ducking her responsibilities in the home, and she begins to go off into her own little world. This is the beginning of the end.

The ninth point in my little book is the amount of attention and affection a husband and wife give one another. I like attention—I admit it frankly—and what man or woman doesn't? I believe in giving marriage all the affection you have in you. Jean had an aunt, for instance, who made her husband fudge every night because he liked it. That may be overdoing attention a little, but it didn't hurt that marriage. There should be an attitude of giving to the other all the time because the more you give the more you get back. This business of 50-50 is better put at 100-100.

Some husbands and wives complain that they don't get enough attention or affection. Well, nine times out of ten if they'll look carefully they'll find they aren't giving much themselves. The best way to be sure that a marriage doesn't die from lack of affection is to start out not being self-conscious about giving or thinking who should give the most to whom.

The last point and the most important is an atmosphere of religion or Christianity that should pervade a home. A belief in the principles of Christianity and the practicing of those principles give a home its real meaning. And why shouldn't it? After all, you were married in a church and if you stay with the promise you made to God then you'll be all right. The contract you signed was a declaration to God. It's not a contract you can ignore. There's no real happiness in any home that is without the presence of God.

Such are my views. How do they stack up with yours?

END

YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

victory. It's a warm-hearted comedy with everyone splashing about with happy abandon in the song and swim departments. **MGM.**

Thunder Bay

JIMMY STEWART and **Dan Duryea** bring in more than a prize oil gusher with this action-packed account of off-shore drilling in Louisiana. Stewart and Dur-

yea are ex-Navy men who have persuaded Jay C. Flippen to back them in their drilling venture. With a three-months deadline to meet, the boys find nothing but opposition among the local inhabitants. The fishermen believe the drilling will affect the shrimp beds; Joanne Dru thinks that Duryea's attention to her sister (*Marcia Henderson*) isn't sincere, and Robert Monay and Gilbert Roland are convinced that the oilmen are

a couple of con men out to ruin the village. It isn't until Stewart and Duryea have weathered a hurricane, sabotage and the jibes of the people, that they strike oil and a new bed of shrimp. Picture projects a new side to the oil business, plus providing some thrilling photographic effects. Universal-International.

The Farmer Takes A Wife

LAN'SAKE, now Betty Grable's a cook on a canal boat. She works for railroad-hating John Carroll, whose frequent bouts with the locomotive lads land him in jail. To keep things moving during Carroll's absence, Betty hires Dale Robertson, a farmer who hopes to make enough money to buy his own spread. The couple fall in love, but disagree about Dale's farming plans. Their differences are abruptly brought to a head, when Betty bails Carroll out of the clink and joins him in a big boat race against Robertson. Although a little slow to start, by the time he crosses the finish line, Dale's won both the bet and Betty. With all the attractive "fixin's" that have been heaped on this period musical, it somehow doesn't seem to catch fire. Everything's a little too pat and placid. 20th Century-Fox.

Scandal At Scourie

THE "Mrs. Miniver" team—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—are reunited in a charming, family-type comedy of a middle-aged Canadian couple who adopt a little orphan girl (*Donna Corcoran*). Although the new parents are prominent

Protestant churchgoers, terms of the adoption specify that they continue to raise the child as a Catholic. Such an arrangement starts speculation among the townspeople who believe that Pidgeon is using the child to win support of both sects during his forthcoming race for the Canadian Parliament. He decides to return Donna to the orphanage, but she overhears him and runs away. It isn't until Greer takes a hand in matters that the family is reunited and the gossips are set straight on the couple's motive. Film offers gentle humor that's pleasantly paced and tinted in Technicolor. MGM.

Francis Covers The Big Town

DONALD O'CONNOR and his philosophy-spoutin' pal, *Francis* the talking mule, give the newspaper business a whirl in their latest venture. Don, a copy boy on a metropolitan paper, has delusions of becoming an ace reporter like Larry Gates. He makes about as much progress as a hitch-hiker in a hurricane, until *Francis* starts giving him tips on items before they happen. *Francis*, who has been getting his tips from his equine pals (after all there's nothing like getting it straight from the horse's mouth), refuses further aid until Don demands to be made a top reporter. Don not only wins the promotion, but the interest of society editor Nancy Guild, and a neighbor's daughter, Yvette Dugay. It takes a few words of wisdom from *Francis* to nudge him into the arms of Yvette. Latest in the O'Connor-Chill Wills (*Francis*) series is not as high steppin' as previous entries. Universal-International. END

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Ed Wynn will appear on "Jane Froman's U.S.A. Canteen" in a reunion that should be chock full of nostalgia. It was comedian Wynn who appeared with Jane in the first USO Camp Show before Pearl Harbor, at Fort Belvoir. Jane will sing her arrangement of "It Ain't Necessarily So," which Franklin D. Roosevelt particularly liked to hear, and funnyman Wynn will repeat his "Hooray For What" comedy routines. This special telecast will be produced at Fort Belvoir late in October.

Speaking of reunions, Dinah Shore hopes to visit Eddie Cantor on his TV show before the end of this year. It was just a dozen years ago that Dinah first broadcast on Eddie's radio show, and as one of the many Cantor "discoveries," she sang "Yes, My Darling Daughter." For this flash-back sequence on video, the banjo-eyed comedian and Dinah will recall that day in 1941, and the Shore gal will once again sing the song that started her on the road to fame.

Look for a big shakeup in the supporting cast of next season's "Show Of

Shows," with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca starring as before, but with a change in their featured performers.

Paul Gregory, the producer of such noted stage productions as "Don Juan In Hell" and "John Brown's Body," will accept a producer's berth with a major network beginning January 1, 1954.

Doris Day will enter the Dinah Shore-Mindy Carson fold with a musical telefilm series to be made in Hollywood next Winter and released early in the Summer of 1954.

Mickey Rooney is trying to convince Judy Garland that she should team up with him in a bi-monthly telefilm series in which they would recreate some of their former movie successes—"Babes In Arms," "Strike Up The Band" and "Words And Music," all one-time hits.

Earl Godwin, veteran Washington commentator, who appears on "Meet The Veep," has known Alben W. Barkley, former Vice President of the United States, for 40 years, ever since the day

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	Lana Turner	Jeanne Crain	Wm. Lundigan	John Derek
	William Holden	Lauren Bacall	Robert Young	Cory Grant
	Gary Cooper	Gloria DeHaven	Vic Damone	Donald O'Connor
	Bob Mitchum	Rita Hayworth	Kirk Douglas	Hopalong Cassidy
	Ann Blyth	Susan Hayward	Mickey Rooney	Turhan Bey
	Robert Taylor	Robert Taylor	Mario Lanza	Red Skelton

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they first met in the House of Representatives in 1913. At their initial meeting, it was Godwin who introduced Barkley to an audience in the House of Representatives. Now, four decades later, he's doing the same thing, but to a bigger "house," 20 million homes to be specific.

It was almost twenty years ago that Charles ("My Little Margie") Farrell and Ralph ("Man Against Crime") Bellamy bought some real estate in Palm Springs, California, then just a sprawling desert, with the idea of building some tennis courts. What began as a block of courts developed into one of the country's most famous resort areas. Who says actors aren't shrewd businessmen?

Sam Levenson will make a guest appearance on Jack Benny's TV show and will bring along his violin. Although he can play the instrument with a flourish, it's been years since he has had any lessons. "I should be just as good as Benny and he's still practicing!" said the humorist as he dusted off his fiddle.

The oft-repeated rumor that Kate Smith and Ted Collins will end their partnership, which has lasted almost 24 years, can be discarded as just that—rumor, rumor. Acknowledged to be one of the most successful associations in the entertainment world, their partnership was founded on a verbal agreement in the beginning, and to this day the Smith-Collins team has never had a written contract. The "Kate Smith Hour," soon to begin its fourth year, has proven that their combined skilled showmanship, entertainment know-how and an uncanny ability to understand public preferences, have been the hallmark of their long association. Queried as to the latest report on a rift between them, both were emphatic in denying the gossip as "ridiculous!"

Former President Harry S. Truman is due for a commentary-interview series beginning early in January, 1954. Daughter Margaret, cancelled out of three TV guest appearances on Summer replacement shows, will spearhead a classical concert program beginning November 15, if her concert manager can switch Canadian recital dates.

Playwright Tennessee Williams ("A Streetcar Named Desire," "Camino Real" and "Summer And Smoke") has finally given his approval to a video series based on his book of one-act plays called, "27 Wagons Full Of Cotton." The author will have final say-so in the matters of casting, directing and production. Like screen director Alfred Hitchcock, Williams will appear briefly in each play.

If George S. Kaufman, playwright, critic, director and sometime comedian on "This Is Show Business" strikes you as being unnecessarily grumpy, remember he's "had everything" and will be sixty-four years young in November. If you think he's bored, you're mistaken. He's merely playing that bit the smart way. He likes being known as "the man who

came to dinner on TV."

Despite the popularity and appeal of Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scout show, it's the "Original Amateur Hour," with Ted Mack now at the helm, that is credited with having introduced more talent to the entertainment business than any other similar type program. Graduates of the "Original Amateur Hour" include, among many famous names in varied fields, Robert Merrill, Mimi Benzell, Vera-Ellen, Muriel Smith, Ray Malone, Thelma Carpenter, Jack Carter, Paul Winchell (and Jerry Mahoney), Frank Sinatra and Bert Parks. When Major Edward Bowes, the show's creator, died in 1946, Ted Mack took over the show, after having served under the beloved Major for more than ten years as his assistant. Host Ted Mack, who once aspired to being both a cartoonist and a lawyer, never made the grade as either, became a band leader instead and began his musical career as a professional, never an amateur.

Christine Karner, one of the Kateds on "The Kate Smith Hour" spends most of her spare time converting her TV dance routines into a night club act. She and her two partners plan making an excursion into cafe circles later this year via the famous Copacabana. The surroundings won't be new to Christine, however. She once danced there as a Copa Girl for \$100.00 a week before she joined the Kate Smith show.

Jack Webb will try to sandwich in his TV duties as creator, director and star of "Dragnet" while attending night classes at the University of Southern California. When he was Student President of Belmont High School in Los Angeles, he was offered a scholarship to the college, but couldn't accept because he had to work for a living. Now he wants that degree.

After his first year as the star of "Mr. Peepers," Wally Cox gained an inch in height, added six pounds, and lost a little more hair, but his salary was tripled from the day, a year ago last July 3, that he began being one of the nation's leading laugh-makers . . . Red Buttons, the CBS-TV buffoon, on the other hand, added nothing to his height and lost eight pounds, but like Wally Cox found his salary demands being met every time an extension of his contract came up for consideration.

Maurice Evans, distinguished stage, screen and TV star, whose "Hamlet" on "Hallmark Hall Of Fame" may be repeated during the Christmas season, if a two-hour presentation of "Richard II" isn't substituted instead, has been an American citizen since 1941. He came to these shores in 1935 from his native England for his initial visit and now refers to his first twelve years as a citizen as his "Golden Dozen."

When Alan Reed, the "Life With Luigi" player, joined Biff Elliot in the cast of "I, The Jury," the 3-D movie being made of Mickey Spillane's detective

thriller of the same name, it was Biff Elliot who said he wanted Alan in the film even if it killed him. And it does just that when Biff, in the role of *Mike Hammer* shoots it out with racketeer Reed, who drops with a tummy full of lead.

The new weekly series titled, "The Search," which begins next month (Sept. '53) with 21 universities throughout the country joining CBS Television in a program dramatizing higher education's scientific and cultural contributions to individual and national welfare, will be given a show business boost when the University of North Carolina offers one of the three open-air dramas written by Pulitzer Prize winner, Paul Green. Either "The Lost Colony," "The Common Glory" or "Faith Of Our Fathers," with non-professionals in support of a few top-flight TV stars in major roles, will spark the proceedings.

Lee Tracy, the "Martin Kane" star, vows he'll never return to film making in Hollywood unless the screen work is for TV, or the part offered him is "something Alfred Lunt might like to do." Most of the more than fifty films he has appeared in since 1929 keep popping up on TV and he's decided to remain in New York from here on in.

NBC-TV has big plans for two young performers who answer to the names of Helen Halpin and Betty Ann Grove. The former, spotted in New York's chic Blue Angel night club, is a sort of female Jerry Lewis. Miss Grove, another comedienne, is also a first-rate singer. Both stars-of-tomorrow have a rigorous singing-dancing-acting schedule planned for them by network execs.

Rapid expansion throughout the country of the Mr. Wizard Science Clubs has far exceeded all expectations of Mr. Wizard and his staff. Don Herbert, the Mr. Wizard on the weekly NBC-TV science series, completed a compilation of the first year's requests for club charters and membership cards. To date there are almost 3,000 clubs in 600 cities and towns of 41 states, with each club averaging about 10 members, and the end is nowhere in sight.

The "Television Playhouse" will begin its sixth year in October with a revival of its first star-studded production of "Dinner At Eight" which was presented on October 3, 1948. Original members of the cast are being approached to recreate their roles, among them being Peggy ("Mama") Wood, Dennis King, Mary Boland, Vicki Cummings, Matt Briggs, Joyce Van Patten, Royal Beal and Judson Laire.

One of John Cameron Swayze's hobbies is collecting unusual neckties from all over the world, and many of his fans and friends have contributed to that hobby. The one four-in-hand that gave him the biggest surprise came from Cairo, Egypt, and the rather subdued maroon-black-and-white hand-printed silk fabric bore

the following inscription:—"Illana Redo Lil Melody Zoog S'nan Gee Daddy." The noted commentator took the tie to the NBC-TV foreign department to have the "message" decoded and as near as anyone could come to it, it was deciphered to read, "All I Want For Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth."

Penny and Johnny Olsen, the "Home-maker's Jamboree" stars of WABC-TV, just got their first baby chinchilla. The Olsens, who are raising chinchillas on their Connecticut farm, have named the

mite Sherman, in honor of Sherman Billingsley, at whose famous Stork Club they were dining when they received word of the chinchilla's birth. If their next baby chinchilla is a female, they'll call it Shermane and in the years ahead Penny Olsen may appear on "The Stork Club Show" wearing a stole of rare Billingsley pelts.

Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of "Maggi's Private Wire" at 12:15 P.M. E.D.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York. **END**

EUROPEAN WEEKEND WITH BING

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

caught in, dead or alive.

Bing is an extremely youthful-looking man in person—even more so than on the screen, or in his photographs. His mannerisms and his banter belie his mid-forties age, and his deep blue eyes are easily his outstanding facial feature. As for his physique, don't believe Bob Hope when he makes those remarks about Bing's spreading waistline. Bob should be so lucky!

As the day moved on and the crowd grew larger, it was inevitable that it would get out of hand. It did. Suddenly hundreds of people seemed to want to touch Bing, and they bore down on him. He was wonderfully controlled about it all, despite the pushing and pulling, and when the officials later apologized, Bing diplomatically explained that he'd worry only when people didn't want to see him. After the match, Bing went in to London to take part in a charity show, and late that evening, he took off for France.

It's always a wonderful experience to awake in Paris and look out of the window at postal card views in every direction. But Paris, on this occasion, was to be secondary, because we were awaiting a message from Bing's agent about where he'd be shooting scenes for the movie. Hardly had we had our tea and crumpets when the telephone rang and we were told to meet Bing at the Ponts du St. Michel bridge.

When we arrived, no one was in sight! Now, we thought, where would one find Bing in the entire city of Paris.

Presently a car pulled up near the bridge, and Bing alighted. He waved a greeting, and walked over to us. He wore a grey hat, light brown raincoat and matching brown suit, and he wore the thick screen makeup. Bing, as you may know, is an excellent subject to interview. We didn't have to ask him questions, because he fired inquiries at us in a steady stream. He asked about movie making in England, what stars are popular, what American films have been drawing good audiences, what the rank and file of the English population thinks about Hollywood, and how his latest film, "Just For You," had been doing at the box-office.

Then Nicole Maurey, the pretty French girl who plays his wife in "Little Boy

Lost," arrived and the director called to them to start the scene. It took place on the boulevard opposite the bridge, and Bing and Nicole got into the car and drove down the avenue. Suddenly the car stopped and Nicole rushed out, with Bing following her, calling her name. When he reached her, she stopped and they broke into an argument. As they quarreled, they failed to notice a priest nearby, until he touched Nicole's arm and shook his finger at her. This ended the spat, and arm in arm Nicole and Bing returned to the car.

The scene was done five or six times, and then the company broke for lunch. We made short work of eating, and Bing announced, "Next station is the Boulevard Haussman, so come along with me and ride in my car." On the way over, Bing asked about the reception given "The Emperor Waltz," and he sang a few bars from the well-known "Blue Danube."

Since the death of Mrs. Crosby, Bing has been closer than ever to his sons. We asked him if he had a picture of the boys. He said, almost sadly, "Too bad I don't have them with me today. Yesterday I was carrying a whole batch of the kids' pictures. It would have been nice to show them to you."

Bing doesn't speak any German, but he has a wonderful command of French. When we mentioned how agreeably surprised we were, he laughed, "You don't believe *everything* you read in the papers, do you?"

The scene at the Boulevard Haussman was a short one, with Bing and the small boy who meets him outside a glove store. Next we went to Montmartre, where Nicole, Bing, Claude Dauphin and a French girl worked in a picture-snapping scene.

Bing had several golf balls which he autographed. Presenting them to us, he said, "Here's a souvenir of the day, and if I shouldn't see you again, goodbye and auf wiedersehen. Give my regards to everyone in London."

But, luckily, we did see him again two days later when Bing was shooting at Montfort l'Amaury. We drove out to Montfort, a dreamy little spot in the country. We didn't have to search long for Bing, because there was only one



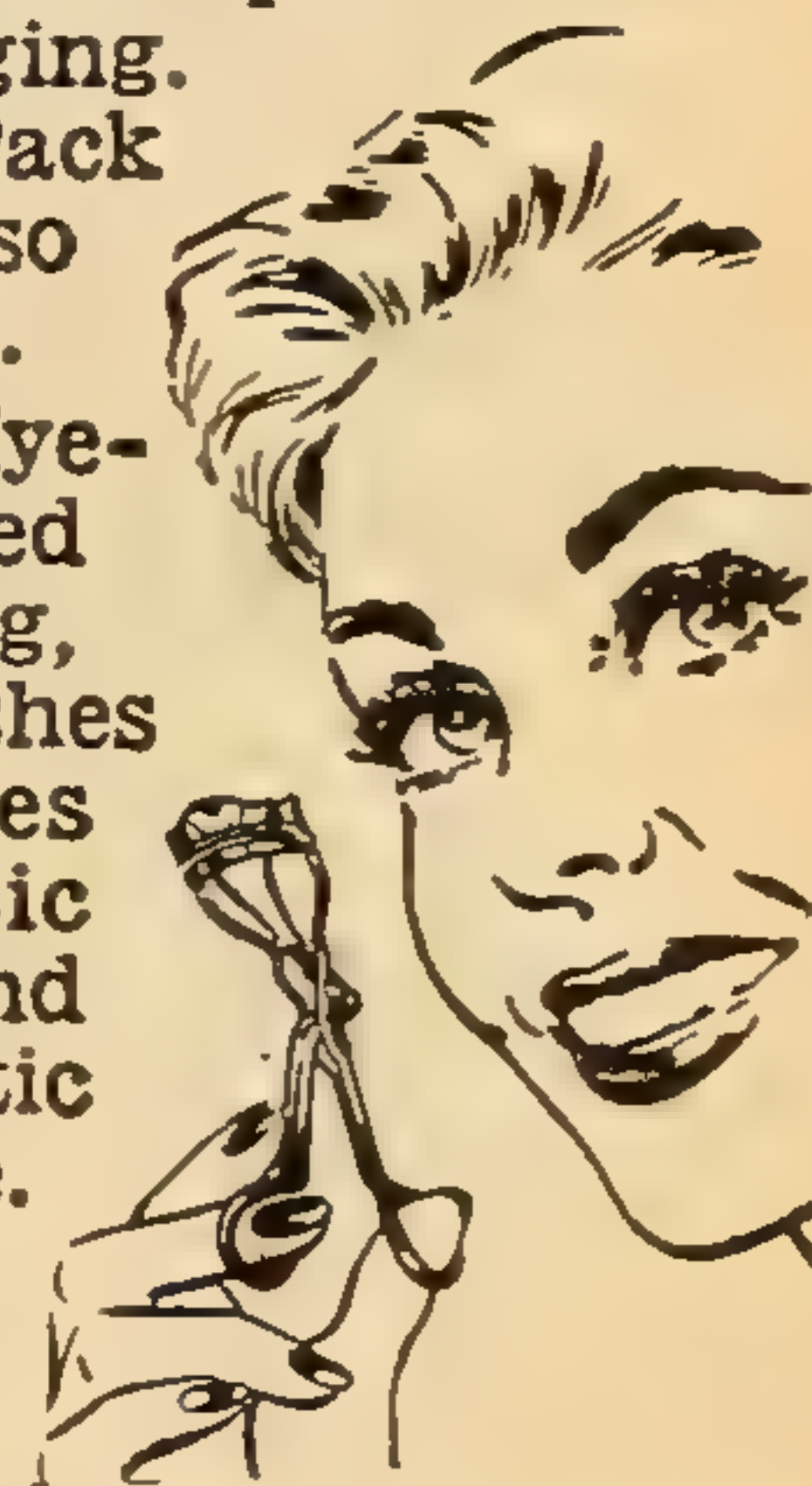
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square in the town and a noisy fair was going on.

It was near luncheon time, so we sat at a sidewalk cafe, watching the activity while we nibbled sandwiches and sipped coffee. Soon Bing came along and stopped at our table, and a sudden thought struck him. Since we were reporting on his weekend of acting, he said, "Why don't you do this thing up right and do bit parts as people at the fair? Then, when the movie shows in your neighborhood, you can ask the theatre manager to put your name on the marquee as 'Also Starring Angie Gurlitt.'"

When Bing finished the final take on the scene, he came and paid us, explaining, "Now you can't sue me for unpaid services." Since nothing had been said about pay of any kind, it was like found money, and we decided we'd simply frame the francs as another memento of the weekend.

I'd been told that Bing was a difficult man to interview, simply because it was

an impossibility to set a date with him. Our weekend of cooperation from him certainly disproved this. That a star of his stature would have devoted so much time to a visitor, including her in his plans for several days running, even giving her a small spot of acting in his film, was most unusual.

I had heard, too, that Bing tended to be a nonconformist, and yet the only proof I saw of this was in the clothes he wore. He couldn't have been more agreeable or patient on the set, doing scenes over and over, and talking with everyone from bit players and crew members to bystanders watching him work.

Finally, my mental picture of Bing has always included a pipe in his mouth, and yet during the weekend, I saw him smoke a pipe only once, and then only for a short time. All of which brings to mind a rephrasing of a quote from Bing: "You shouldn't believe everything you read, nor should you believe everything you see!"

END



Ralph "Picnic" Meeker, with Jean Carson, at "Come As You Were" TV party.

aid to girls who want to be as Golden as the Gabors—Zsa Zsa, Eva and Mama Jolie. Sister Magda remains a redhead for the nonce, although she'll switch to blonde for a forthcoming film job. . . .

Jean Arthur had a preview screening of "Shane" held for her and a few close friends in the dining room of her New York hotel, the Carlyle, where she maintains a year-round apartment. Room clerks, maids and porters were allowed to witness the movie from special tables and, like the other guests, were served a buffet supper. . . .

Richard Widmark had his morning coffee, not in his Hotel Plaza suite, but at Walgreen's drug store on Broadway where he used to hang out before he got his first big break in show business. For his luncheon interview appointments, his studio press agents had to pick him up at Walgreen's and escort him to "21," the Stork Club, Toots Shor's and Sardi's. No one ever thought to interview him at his favorite drug store. It might have made a great story. . . .

Jane Powell and Gene Nelson abandoned their plans to form a joint night club act upon the advice of mutual friends. Seen at "21" (at separate tables) the same day, before Jane decided to reconcile with Geary Steffen, they diligently avoided being seen together for fear newshounds would report they were continuing their highly publicized romance. As corny as it may seem, it was Janie and Gene who rode through Central Park in a hansom cab from midnight until 3 o'clock in the morning, and in a driving downpour of rain. This three hour clip-clop through the park must have been their "farewell" meeting. The next day Jane and Geary settled their differences. . . .

Mario Lanza need only say the word and he'll be starred in the Broadway musical comedy, "The Land Of The Laughing Dollar" . . .

Don't be surprised if Constance Bennett teams up with her sister, Joan, in a forthcoming Broadway play, adding Melinda Markey (Joan's daughter) for extra glamour. Connie, who opened and

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

by more fans and signature requests than she'd have had to oblige if she had used the proper elevator in the first place. . . .

Before Abbe Lane, his actress-singing wife, joined him at the Paramount Theatre Xavier Cugat telephoned her in Hollywood twice nightly. Their talks never lasted less than thirty minutes nor more than an hour. And Cugie called collect. . . .

Sonja Henie left for Paris via Pan American Airways with her large, tooled-leather jewel case chained to her tiny waist. The safety device, a small-link affair, was 24 karat gold-plate. . . .

Jimmy Boyd met Joni James for the first time at La Vie En Rose and she asked him for his autograph. He obliged, but didn't return the compliment. . . .

Gordon MacRae exited the Lombardy Hotel with 24 pieces of luggage—it took three taxis to get him to the airport for his return to Hollywood. His excessive luggage charges must have been astronomical. Most of the suitcases were crammed full with books and musical arrangements he bought at auction from the estate of a famed composer. . . .

Nina Foch wears two gold anklet bracelets, both on the left leg. Johnnie Ray, who was persuaded to give up sporting his silver identification bracelet, did so—in favor of a solid gold one, heavier than the first! . . .

High School males in and around the Metropolitan area have a new kick. They get a charge out of abandoning their usual Summertime crew haircuts in favor of the shorter Mark Antony cut worn by Marlon Brando in "Julius Caesar." The fad will spread throughout the nation before Labor Day. On the other hand, Tyrone Power has decided to let his crew cut grow out in favor of a long, flowing mane . . . Ditto for Jan Sterling who's more glamorous with long hair. . . .

Ethel Merman, whose beaded eyelashes have become her trademark, has an allergy to artificial eyelashes unless they are made of nylon. Mae West, another gal who has never been seen on or off stage or screen without thick, imitation lashes (she admits she even wears them to bed) contracts make-up poisoning if she uses mascara. . . .

Zsa Zsa Gabor, originally a brunette, was once a redhead before she switched to blonde tresses. She keeps her flaxen hair bright with a home remedy discovered by her mother, Jolie Gabor. The product may soon hit the market as an



Roberta Haynes waves greeting as she hits big town on publicity buildup.

closed in a flop play called, "A Date With April," proved to be a shining example of that old show business magic, beauty, brains and talent despite the creaky script she had to work with. . . .

A film-biography based on the career of Nancy Valentine, the estranged wife of the Maharajah of Cooch-Bihar, is being readied as a future vehicle for Rita Hayworth. . . .

Johnnie Ray signed autographs in front of the Warwick Hotel then took fifteen of his fans into a neighboring drug store and loaded them up with sodas, sundaes and assorted packages of candies, colognes and vitamins. He's a bug on the latter since his return from England. . . .

Lawrence Tierney, better known to New Yorkers for his Third Avenue bar-and-grill athletics than as an actor (or Scott Brady's brother) has taken up chess playing in a big way. Betsy Von Furstenberg, Franchot Tone's longtime "fiancee," is teaching Tierney the rules of the game. . . .

Anna Magnani, the celebrated Italian star of "Volcano" and "Bellissima," unaccustomed to the manners of New York's free-loading cocktail mob, sought refuge in a locked room at the Savoy Plaza Chateau suite to avoid being trampled at her first U. S. reception. With a hairdo looking like something the cat dragged in on a dark and stormy night, Magnani emerged from her hiding place only to be met by moans and groans of the disappointed guests. Her baggy skirt and wrinkled blouse gave her the right to walk away with top honors as The Worst Dressed Movie Star Of The Year! . . .

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian dined a dozen friends at Luchow's the night his privately owned radio station KIXL in Dallas, Texas, won the Variety Award for "small station enterprise." Ty's idea to slant the station's programs at women listeners only, paid off. At Luchow's he won the hearty congratulations from the Freddie Brissons (Roz Russell), the Rex Harrisons (Lilli Palmer), Elsa Maxwell, Van Johnson, Cole Porter, John Lund, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas. . . .

That diamond-studded bathing suit Cyd Charisse wears in "Easy To Love" was sent here to be copied by a local rhinestone jewelry manufacturer who will help promote the gaudy seashore attire as a positive "must" for resort wear in 1954. . . .

Cesar Romero flew into town to discuss nightclub bookings for his cafe act which will star the handsome screen hero and four beautiful singing-dancing models. He's been offered the Copacabana, Persian Room, Cotillion Room and Versailles for his unit. At this writing the Copa offer looms large as the spot he'll make his Gotham debut in. The Palladium in London will follow. . . .

Broadway's Capitol Theatre will pay Joan Crawford a flat sixty-cents-on-the-

dollar if she'll make a personal appearance there at her own convenience, singing and dancing excerpts from her forthcoming MGM musical, "Torch Song." La Crawford could coin \$60,003 per week at those terms. . . .

Humphrey Bogart's dialogue in "Beat The Devil" was written by one of the most controversial authors of our time, Truman Capote. A play by the ultra-sophisticated writer, "The Grass Harp," flopped on the Broadway stage, but its revival downtown at the Circle-in-the-Square has lured Gene Nelson, Diana Lynn, Jean Pierre Aumont, Richard Carlson, Gloria De Haven and Ezio Pinza south of 14th Street to the tiny playhouse where the production is accorded an ovation nightly. . . .

Rita Gam, upon her return from Marrakech, Morocco, and "Saadia," told pals at Manhattan's El Morocco that night filming of the MGM picture had to be regulated by the local mezzuins' public invocations to pray at 20 minute intervals. She brought out an album of color photos of the 27 mosques in the Moroccan city that she had taken herself and every screen celebrity in the place flocked to her table, at twenty-minute intervals. Rita felt as though she were back in Morocco at El Morocco. . . .

Rosalind Russell, the "Wonderful Town" star, will turn Broadway producer in association with her husband, Freddie Brisson, when the play, "Nightshade," gets a New York stage presentation early next Winter. Incidentally, the night Rosalind Russell received a special citation from General Omar Bradley on the stage of the Astor Theatre where her film, "Never Wave At A WAC," was showing, a dozen young women volunteered for the Women's Army Corps. Three nights later they were her guests at a performance of her big musical comedy hit, "Wonderful Town" . . .

Gypsy Rose Lee wants to take over the play, "Sextette," which Charlotte Francis wrote expressly for Mae West. "Gyps" wants to adapt it herself and have it filmed in 3-D in Italy. . . .

Starlet Carole Matthews and U-I producer Ross Hunter were inseparable during their recent visits to town. They shared an around-the-clock date at Bruno's Pen & Pencil that lasted from twelve o'clock noon until midnight during which time they lunched, had cocktails, dinner and finally supped before returning to their respective hotels. They granted nine interviews during their twelve hour "date" . . .

For her role in "Peg O' My Heart," which brought fame to a number of actresses, Debbie Reynolds visited the New York Public Library and spent hours digging through old newspaper files just to read and bone up on the title role of the famous Hartley Manners' play. Debbie was thrilled to find the Theatre Collection Department has a mammoth index of pictures and clippings devoted to her. When she walked into the Main Reading



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Room she found a group of fan club members thumbing through the Debbie Reynolds documents. They got the surprise of their lives when their idol sat down and joined them. . . .

Anne Baxter, at the Camillo Restaurant, confirmed reports she wants to travel the countryside in a one-woman show reading romantic prose and love letters of literary greats. The projected tour is earmarked to get underway during the Christmas holidays. . . .

Despite two days of the worst early Summer rainy weather in memory, Eddie Fisher broke the Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis opening day record and the weekend record of Johnnie Ray at the New York Paramount Theatre. . . .

Marilyn Monroe turned down a publicity stunt dreamed up for her by an enterprising press agent for Atlantic City, so former screen player, Janis Paige, stepped into a bathing suit (natch) and posed for 300 art students on the boardwalk. . . .

Roberta Haynes, hit town for publicity stunts in connection with "Return To Paradise" and steered most of the newsmen and magazine editors into the Blue Angel. Her gimmick, so she said, was she wanted to hear Arthur Blake, the impressionist. In truth, it was just because she likes the chic cafe. She used to work there as hatcheck girl.

Gwen Verdon, the new "Can-Can" sensation who danced in so many 20th Century - Fox musicals, was accorded a tremendous ovation the night the Cole Porter show premiered at the Shubert Theatre. Her dressing room was flooded with congratulatory telegrams and flowers, with the largest basket of blossoms arriving from Betty Grable, just as the show's final curtain dropped after the finale. When she got back to her hotel apartment she found a telephone message to call Mrs. Harry James in Hollywood collect. They talked for hours and Gwen read Betty the first batch of press notices for "Can-Can," everyone of them a rave for the Verdon lass. . . .



Jack Palance and his wife, Virginia Baker, who gave up her career to wed.

For Pictures No Artist Could Paint Dept.:— Joe DiMaggio stopped for his autograph in front of a Times Square book shop which displays nothing in its windows but calendars of you-know-who . . . Tallulah Bankhead and Ralph Meeker at twin pianos at Le Ruban Bleu improvising a medley of Rodgers and Hammerstein tunes, as the composers sit at a nearby table laughing hysterically.

The Academy Award committee might just as well face it—Marlon Brando's *Mark Antony* in "Julius Caesar" will head the list of 1953 nominees. Cornered at the Mont D'Or, he admitted he enjoyed seeing himself in the Shakespearean drama, but thought there was room for improvement in his own performance. Is this the "new" Brando? . . .

Best Dressed Screen Star Of The Month:—James Stewart, the "Thunder Bay" star, seen at the pool of the Sands Point Bath Club in a long robe of beige terry cloth with dark brown striped pattern. His swim trunks were dark brown with a white-and-yellow swordfish design. Moccasin type sandals were in putty color with deep rope soles and his duck hat of brown crash linen topped off his ensemble. . . . END

COOLING SYSTEM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

yourself liberally with Cheramy's new Frosty Bouquet. You can get this in three different fragrances: Tropical (*a sophisticated floral*), famous April Showers (*a sweet bouquet*) and Festival (*a brand new woody blend*). Frosty Bouquet has such a generous quota of perfume oils that you'll find yourself surrounded by a most refreshing cloud of fragrance. Follow Pat's suggestion, and keep your supplies in the refrigerator. This pre-cooling makes toilet waters and colognes even more effective as a pick-up to splash on your wrists or temples during the day. Frosty Bouquet, by the way won't strain your budget—it's only \$1.

In your own grooming, be sure to re-

member to use a deodorant. We know it's something of a problem to find one that isn't irritating to skin that is being constantly de-fuzzed by one means or another. The American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics, however, has approved Yodora, the McKesson and Robbins cream deodorant. Yodora is made with a base of soothing beauty cream—while you use it to banish odors it's also doing a fine job on smoothing the texture of your skin. Because of this double action it works wonders on your hands and feet, as well as under-arm territory. The cream is actually so light-textured that it feels like your favorite beauty balm—you can't quite believe that it is so efficient.

Keeping your hair looking pretty in spite of Summer humidity is essential to your attractiveness. You can't even feel fresh when your hair has gone limp and sticky. Pat copes with this situation by using a dry shampoo between her regular shampoos. Probably the best known is Minipoo. You just brush it on, then brush it off. The whole procedure takes less than ten minutes and because there's no water involved you don't have to worry about upsetting your curls or waves. Minipoo Dry Shampoo comes in a sifter-top shaker with its own applicator brush. Enough for 30 dry shampoos is only \$1. so you can see that it's a thoroughly economical proposition.

Pat had another hint that concerns hair. She points out that one of the best ways to stay cool is to change your hair-do to a style that keeps your hair away from your neck. Cut it shorter in the Italian manner, give it an up-sweep or what you will, but don't let it hang down enough to heat you up like a fur-piece. A hair spray will prove a great boon in controlling any wisps inclined to stray. The people who make Venida hair nets have a new one called "Mist-O-Spray" that is guaranteed non-inflammable. It comes in an atomizer squeeze-bottle so there's no trick at all to aiming the spray just where you want to. The spray itself is transparent and fast drying—gives your hair a nice luster.

When we asked Pat if she wasn't just about running out of ideas on cooling systems, she laughed and told us that she hadn't even started on two of her favorite subjects—"food and make-up." "Food," Pat confessed, "plays an important part in my own plan for keeping cool. I try to eat lots of fruits and vegetables and keep my diet light. This doesn't mean that I cut out good sustaining food—you need protein for energy in Summer just as much as at any other time of year. But I do try to eliminate heavy foods. I've found too, that a hot cup of tea, strange to say, is a wonderfully cooling drink.

"As for make-up," Pat continued, "I always feel cooler without any—just lipstick, at least during the daytime. At night when I have a date, I do wear face powder too." If you're going to follow Pat's example, we'd suggest that you use a non-smear lipstick like Hazel Bishop's. It frees you from the bother of constant re-touching and you don't have to worry about eating it off during meals, wiping it off on cigarettes, or branding people with it when you kiss them! Remember though, that you must blot your lips carefully with a facial tissue after you apply a Hazel Bishop lipstick if you expect it to do its long-lasting best for you. The question of a powder for evening is another easy one to answer. Woodbury has a new color, Tropic Dream, in their Dream Stuff formula. It's a wonderfully flattering suntan shade that can do a lot for your Summer coloring. You don't need to fuss with any foundation to make Dream Stuff stay on, you know. It has foundation cream built right into the formula. (*Both Dream Stuff and Hazel Bishop Lipsticks are sold at all the drug and variety stores*). END

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